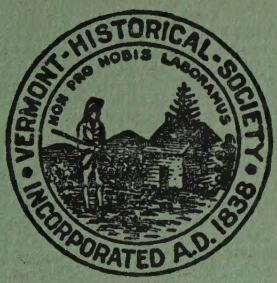
NEW SERIES *Price 75cts.* VOL. XI No. 2

PROCEEDINGS:

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

A VERMONT *Quarterly*



Act of God
Narrative of Richard Lee
The Romans Map of Vermont
Seth Warner Papers
Catholic Church in Vermont
Tuttle — Vermont Bookseller

PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY

JUNE

1943

Vermont Historical Society

MONTPELIER, VERMONT

LEON S. GAY, *President*
Cavendish, Vermont

ELBERT S. BRIGHAM, *Vice President*
ARTHUR W. PEACH, *Vice President*
MAUDE W. PIERCE, *Secretary*
ALBERT E. SLAYTON, *Treasurer*

Board of Curators

HAROLD BERGMAN, *on leave*
ELBERT S. BRIGHAM, *Montpelier*
HORACE BROWN, *Springfield*
JOHN CLEMENT, *Rutland*
LEON W. DEAN, *Burlington*
BENJAMIN GATES, *Montpelier*
WALTER HARD, *Manchester*
F. W. HARRINGTON, *Montpelier*
DORMAN B. E. KENT, *Montpelier*
JOHN H. MCDILL, *Woodstock*
VINCENT B. MALONEY, *Winooski*
ARTHUR W. PEACH, *Northfield*
MORTIMER R. PROCTOR, *Proctor*
DOROTHY RANDOLPH, *Montpelier*
HAROLD G. RUGG, *Hanover, N.H.*
CURTIS R. SMITH, *St. Albans*
WILLIAM J. WILGUS, *Ascutney*

Ex Officio Members

LEON S. GAY, *President*
HARRISON J. CONANT, *State Librarian*
RAWSON C. MYRICK, *Sec. of State*
DAVID V. ANDERSON, *Auditor*

EARLE WILLIAMS NEWTON, *Director*
AGNES K. LAWSON, *Assistant*

The Vermont Historical Society is both an archives of invaluable material for the study of community, state and nation, and an educational institution promoting the study of and research in history as a way of approach to the problems of man in his relation to society. It performs for the State of Vermont its historical function, and is the official state historical society, occupying quarters in the State Library and Supreme Court Building, where it maintains its library, manuscript collections, and the State Museum.

It is supported both by state appropriation and by private endowment. Bequests and gifts, either of funds, of books and manuscripts, or of relics, are welcomed. The Society, through its educational activities, its publications, and its program of preservation of historical materials, serves a membership of nearly eight hundred as well as the citizens of Vermont. Its resources are open to any serious student between the hours of 8 a.m. and 4 p.m., except Saturdays, when the library and museum close at noon.

You and your friends are cordially invited to join the Society and thereby further its aims and objectives. Membership (two dollars) brings with it a yearly subscription to the Vermont Quarterly, as well as special publication discounts. An annual convention of the membership is held in January, and annually the Society meets with the New York State Historical Association in the Champlain Valley Conference.

Proceedings

of the

VERMONT

Historical Society

JUNE

1943

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Middlebury Sketches I: Act of God 67
By *Robert Davis*

Narrative of Richard Lee 77
With an introduction by the *Editor*

Capt. Bernard Romans and His Map of Vermont 95
By *Horace Brown*

Chorographical Map of the Northern Department . . . 96
By *Bernard Romans*

Vermont Letters: a Department 99

Notes and Documents

Calendar of the Seth Warner Papers 103

The Catholic Church in Vermont 115
Edited by *Thomas F. O'Connor*

Necrology

Charles E. Tuttle, Vermont Bookseller 124
By *Dorman B. E. Kent*

Editor's Postscript 126

EARLE WILLIAMS NEWTON — EDITOR

Copyright, 1943, *by* Vermont Historical Society

Printed and made in the United States of America by E. L. Hildreth & Company, Inc.
Publication Office: 8 Harmony Place, Brattleboro, Vermont.
$3.00 A Year Published Quarterly 75 Cents A Copy
Subscription included in annual membership dues: $2.00

GENERAL OFFICE: MONTPELIER, VT.
Entered as second-class matter December 23, 1937, at the post office at Brattleboro, Vermont, under the Act of August 24, 1912.

PVHS

Proceedings of the
Vermont Historical Society
1943

NEW SERIES JUNE VOL. XI NO. 2

MIDDLEBURY SKETCHES
I — ACT OF GOD

By ROBERT DAVIS

This powerful characterization of a nineteenth century Puritan is the first of a group of character sketches. Delightfully written, they are fictional elaborations on authentic Vermont village types. As such, they are as valuable for history as many a musty document. Based on fact, they are easily as reliable as many a secondary work which is labeled "history." Mr. Davis is known, from previous sketches, for his deep and sympathetic understanding of Vermont character.

THE first time we drove out the Salt Quarry Road, my sister fell in love with our house. It is of the grey-blue stone that is characteristic of Addison County, built upon classic proportions, and snuggles cozily into a depression of the slope. Ivy blankets it almost completely. It has wide, squat chimneys and small panes in the windows. Along the gravel walk is a row of elms that match the age of the house, and rock maple and spruce shade the whole place. In a region of white-frame, green-blind dwellings, our house flaunts a pronounced and pleasing individuality.

Even from the outside one surmises that there will be four square

rooms upon each floor. "A jewel!" sister exclaimed, even before she had examined the roof and the plumbing. "It has personality, a long memory, and intelligence, this old house," she added. And when she had come to a standstill before the living-room fireplace, she murmured, "I wonder how it will influence us."

"Crack down on that nonsense," I interrupted sharply. For you must know that my sister, despite her appearance of stolid good sense, has a flighty side. She has pretensions to being psychic. To her, rooms build up a spiritual atmosphere. She maintains that houses — particularly these thick-walled houses of stone and brick — become impregnated with the emotions and moods of those who have inhabited them. These ondes of ectoplasm disengage themselves, as it were, and affect the later tenants. It is bosh, of course, but Rachel is tenacious, and, more often than not, she makes out a case for her theory.

She had the last word, as always. "These ancient boards and stones must be saturated with the broken hearts, the hates, the tendernesses and tragedies that have been lived out within them. You just wait and see. Already I feel strange tales filtering into my marrow."

My sister made friends with a farmer who brings vegetables from door to door. With the first chill of autumn she announced, self-consciously virtuous, "We are laying in our winter stock, like all thrifty families. We shall have potatoes and apples to last until spring, and pumpkins and carrots, beets and cabbage. Let the wild winds rage. We shall not be without the wherewithal for a pie and a salad. And I have made a round price. Mr. Ryder will bring dry sand, set the carrots and beets, and fix everything." Ryder came on a Saturday afternoon. He backed his wagon against the cellar bulkhead and went to work.

I was reading on the verandah, at the time, and had a profile view of his wife. She had a weary, ivory face, white hair parted in the middle. She sat with folded hands, very still, very patient, while her husband shoveled the sand into baskets, and carried it down cellar. Her eyes never flickered from their gaze upon our house.

Moved by impulse, I called, "Won't you come up and have a rocker, Mrs. Ryder? You'll be more comfortable while you wait." She came across and took the chair I offered.

"I saw you looking at the house," I said. "By any chance do you know it?"

She settled herself and took her time before answering. "Yes, you may say that I know this house." Her voice was low, and her eyes

rested obstinately upon the middle distance. "For nine years I worked as Mrs. Amesbury's servant. And after she was buried, Lawyer Stone had me clean up the place and leave the key at his office." Her mood became more subjective. "Yes, you may say that I know this house."

With an effort I disguised my eagerness. "Do you feel that you can tell me about it? You see, my sister and I like the place, and are anxious to learn its story."

She reflected for some moments, as the rocker swung back and forth. "I s'pose I might. They are dead and gone. All that count, that is. The Deacon and his wife went to their graves thinking they carried the secret with them. But it isn't a secret no more. Everyone knows."

So that is how, on our side verandah, rocking in cadence to her deliberate words, on a brilliant October mid-afternoon, with the painted leaves floating earthward, Hannah Ryder disclosed a chapter of the story of our house.

"I came here from our farm in Cornwall," she began, "never having slept a night out from under my father's roof before. An inexperienced young girl, as you may say. And when I left here, to marry Lucius, I was a drained-out old woman. Leastwise I felt so. Mrs. Amesbury's people were from Bolton's Landing, near our home. She was second or third cousin to my mother, which is why mother let me come here to work, and why, later on, mother made me stay, when I begged to come home. Mrs. Amesbury and mother thought that the things I had come to know shouldn't be let out of the family."

"John Amesbury was a fanatic in religion. His entire life was built upon the Old Testament. If you had asked him, he would have claimed to be the most consistent Christian in the town of Middlebury, and he would have proved it, right out of Scripture. He honestly believed that he lived to please God, and, moreover, that he did please God. But his idea of God was the eye-for-eye, vengeance-is-mine Disciplinarian of Sinai. He never got a mite beyond the thou-shalt-not side of religion."

"Here in his house, he rang the bell for morning prayers at seven. There was grace before each meal. Cooking was done before sundown on Saturday, and we ate cold victuals on Sunday. The Lord's day was devoted entirely to Him. Meals were on the tick of the clock, and anyone late got only milk and bread."

"Deacon Amesbury had formerly sung in the Congregational choir, until he lost his voice. In the nine years that I was here I never

heard him speak louder than a whisper. His wife was both fond of him and terrified of him, with the result that she seconded him and patterned herself after him. Existence would have been intolerable for the poor woman otherwise. She even, unconsciously, took to whispering like he did."

"There were two children in the family when I came. Young John, seventeen years old, who went away a couple of years later, and Flora, a girl of fourteen. Even when his children were at that age John Amesbury punished them with a horsewhip. The whip stood in the woodshed. Many's the time I have put my hands over my ears, in the kitchen, not to hear Young John's and Flora's screams when they were being punished. That seems more cruel now than it did then. Everyone whipped boys. But Deacon Amesbury was one of the few fathers who whipped girls as old as Flora."

"Coming from our noisy and numerous family, I found life pretty dreary at the stone house. The children loved neither of their parents. They despised religion. The long prayers and the blessings, the Bible readings and Sunday meetings, seemed to them nothing but sham. Against their will they were forced to participate. The children seldom spoke at meals and the parents only whispered. The Deacon would allow his young ones no money for fun or pretty things. He had the windows of the kitchen set high in the wall — like you see them there — so that Flora and I should not waste time looking out."

"Given a chance, Flora would have been a tomboy. She was full of natural exuberance, almost too muscular for a girl. I was older than she, by three years, but she was as tall. Her hair was remarkable, mahogany, and masses of it. Evenings, as we were not allowed to go out, except to prayer meeting on Thursday, we would sit before the kitchen stove and each comb the other's hair, in hundred stroke turns. We had a nonsense rhyme that we sang to keep count of the strokes."

"Flora knew that she was a beauty, with her hair, her silky skin, and her wide-set, slate-grey eyes. But with an instinctive feminine penuriousness she seemed to be hoarding it, biding her time, until she might sell it for the greatest benefit to herself."

"All girls are observant of boys, and secretly spin plans about them. Flora and I used to talk openly when we were alone. 'No, there's no one hereabouts that I want,' she would conclude. Thrown back into herself by her family, and by circumstances, with no company but an awkward farm girl, like myself, she lived in a world of make-believe. She longed for everything that was out of her reach.

And Flora's world — I may as well admit it — was a world of men, of imagined intimacies with glorious, handsome men. She had contrived a picture of the man she willed to find as a lover. He would be bold and passionate, a man to sweep a girl off her feet. She was full of unkindled emotion, with no means of self-expression. Too much of her was left over, never used, never called into existence."

"John Amesbury had two brothers, both prosperous merchants, one in Hartford, the other in Boston. Each had a growing family of about Flora's age. For many years they had extended invitations for the Middlebury cousins to come a-visiting. The winter that Flora was eighteen, by dint of much letter-writing on the part of his brothers, John Amesbury consented to Flora making the excursion. In October she was to go to Hartford, later to Boston for Christmas, thus spending a two-month period with each uncle."

"As we brushed the hundred strokes, turn and turn about, each evening, Flora and I talked of nothing but her coming adventures. You cannot say that her girlhood had been unhappy. It had been forced inward, like a plant in a cellar. Religion had denied her even the frolics which we farm people enjoyed. But Flora's boldness shocked me."

"It will be the first time that I can let myself go," she would say. "I have a right to live as others do. I do hope that the boy cousins and their friends will be affectionate." Her eyes would burn. "Do you realize, Hannah, that I am nearly nineteen, and no one has ever loved me, no one has ever held me close and warm? No one has ever kissed me on the mouth, as though he meant it for me, and for no one else." She trembled as she talked this way, and I drew away from her, hearing but not understanding. In those moments she didn't seem a child of our cold hills. I would gaze at her, speechless, and jump up to open the door to see that no one was eavesdropping."

"For a fortnight we sewed and washed on her outfit. Deacon Amesbury begrudged money, but every piece of good dress-goods in the house was fashioned into clothes for Flora. And she was worth it, with the daring new lift of freedom in her face. She was setting out to conquer the world, or as much of it as would satisfy her."

"Between us it was agreed — I, who was so shy with boys, and she so oversweeping in her vehemence to be loved — it was agreed that if she found a man who was made for her, she would put a message in her letter, 'Tell Hannah that everything is right.' Sure enough,

her second letter, toward the end, said, 'Tell Hannah that everything is more than right.' "

"I sneaked out into the woodshed and threw my apron over my face. I was so scared for her, and so happy for her. It might foretell so much joy, or so much pain. The wild thing that Flora was calling all right might be all wrong. She had no wisdom by which she might judge men. In her hunger to be loved she was like a ripe fruit wanting to be picked."

"On her return Flora was magnificent. She was a woman who has entered into a kingdom. As she brushed my hair that first night, she whispered, 'It is too wonderful to explain, Hannah. He is so handsome, my cousin David, he is everything a girl can dream. We were made for one another. It was worth being so long starved, to have found him at the end.' "

"Once the candles were out, she crept into my room and into my bed, and clung to me, a thing she had never done before. 'I have been loved, and I love him. Nothing on earth can compare with it. He loves me and I love him. No girl was ever so mad with joy.' "

"We returned to the old routine, but there was a difference for Flora. Windows were open for her. She saw a goal ahead. She laughed with or without provocation. We took walks in the December wind, gathering bitter-sweet, cattails, and barberries for the winter vases. There came a day when Deacon Amesbury called her into his office and showed her a letter addressed to herself. 'It came for you, but I have read it,' he said coldly. 'Now I will burn it. David proposes marriage. I have written his father that no such thing is thinkable. The Book of Leviticus forbids marriage between near of kin.' But even that did not dismay Flora. 'You do not know him, David,' she said. 'He will still find a way.' "

"Plans were now afoot for the Boston visit. There were hours when Flora was moody and far-away. Even with me she spoke little. 'Oh, why do I go?' She would stamp her foot. 'It is so much trouble, and Boston never can be as much fun as Hartford.' "

"The fourth week of Flora's absence a telegram came from Hiram Amesbury, the Boston brother. 'Daughter ill, convalescence to be long. Doctor considers it preferable that she return home. Nurse and my wife will accompany her to-morrow.' "

"Mrs. Amesbury and I cleaned the northwest room on the ground floor and brought down Flora's bed. When they brought her from the station she looked normal enough, although the fever gave her a

flush. I had hot bricks in the bed and plenty of herb tea. Her aunt and the Boston nurse went back by the return train, and we settled down to what we thought was to be a long case of blood poisoning."

"Deacon Amesbury had quarreled with the older doctors in town. His pride therefore obliged him to call a newcomer, a well-meaning young graduate. What happened later I blame pretty largely on the doctor. Instead of keeping his own counsel and hurrying Flora to a hospital, he puttered around for a couple of weeks, and then told John Amesbury that his daughter had undergone an illegal operation and that septic poisoning was far advanced."

"By that word of the doctor, Flora was condemned to die. John Amesbury ordered the doctor from the house, threw out every drug and medicine we were using, entered her room and turned the key. For two solid hours I heard his bitter whispering, his sneering hisses, through the door. When he came out I went in and threw myself on my knees beside her bed, trying to put my arm around her, kissing her hands. I did love her so. There was blood on her lip where her teeth had bitten. Her face was turned to the wall. 'Don't touch me, I am unclean. He says that I am not his child. He says that even God has cast me off.' Her eyes were shut and she was barely breathing."

"Aside from that single visit John Amesbury never entered his daughter's room or addressed a word to her until she died. The mother I could never understand. I blame her more than the Deacon, for she was Flora's mother. Her husband may have commanded her to keep away. But that is no order that a woman should obey, when her daughter approaches death, step by step, and needs love so terribly. The mother was as coldly self-righteous as the Deacon. Like his echo she whispered, 'I shall have nothing to do with her. God will do as He chooses.' "

"I was only an untrained girl, but I did the best I could. It was little enough. I felt as though Flora were my baby, that I must protect and comfort. John Amesbury forbade the druggist to deliver any drugs to me. But I wouldn't have known what to buy, anyway. All I knew was hot cloths, and vinegar and salt, and warm milk, and all the love I had."

"Two girls who had been to school with Flora heard of her illness and came to see her. Deacon Amesbury heard me open the front door to them, and came into the hall. In that horrible sibilant whisper, he said, 'You cannot see her. No one shall see her. Now or ever, under this roof. God is judging her, He will decide. Leave this house.' "

"The next morning, while I was still in my bed, I heard hammering. John Amesbury was nailing boards across the windows of Flora's room. He was nailing her away from the world. On the front porch he placed a basket and a sign. 'Do not knock or enter. Put your message in this basket.' "

"It was now worse than a house of death. Death is something that happens and is over with. But this was a death always pending, but never realized. I never could have lived through those three months except that I loved Flora more each day. No one entered or left the house save myself. I went for supplies, after dark. Within doors was never a sound except the rustling dry whispers between the Deacon and his wife at meal time."

"Except for the thin beams that entered between the cracks of the boards, Flora lived in darkness. I spent hours sitting on the floor, one hand holding the New Testament near the candle, so I could see to read, the other clasped tight in Flora's, under the quilts. When I went out of an evening for groceries I passed at the houses of her friends to carry messages. We girls agreed on hours when we should all four pray at the same time. It pleased Flora as much as anything could. She would lay there and smile, to think of us pouring out our love for her. She liked me to read of Jesus' talks with people, especially where He forgave the woman."

"The fever must have been gaining, although I had no thermometer. I only gave her warm milk. Toward the end she was lightly delirious, and talked much with David. I used to repeat, over and over, that he did love her, and would be coming in a few minutes. It was the only thing that kept her quiet, when she got past understanding the Testament. She would whisper, squeezing my fingers with what strength she had left, 'My Davy, my Davy boy, I have missed you so.' I brought blankets and slept on the floor near her, so that I could keep up the fire."

"One morning she didn't open her eyes. I lost control of myself and ran out to a neighbor's, like a crazy thing."

"You must get a doctor. You must, you must. Flora is dying. Run, run."

"The doctor came quickly. As he turned up our walk, John Amesbury stepped out upon our porch, leveling a shotgun. You can't imagine his eyes, blue like ice and hot like ashes. His hand trembled with fury."

" 'By the laws of the state of Vermont I forbid you to enter this

house. This is the act of God. If God wills that she get well, so be it. If He wills that she die, so be it. No human aid shall interfere with the working of Jehovah's will.' The doctor turned and went away. No one could do anything, against the narrow inhumanity of John Amesbury's religion."

"When Flora died I did not tell anyone, not until after I had bathed her, and brushed her hair a hundred strokes and done it in a crown, and put on the dress she liked best when she went to Hartford. As I brushed I hummed the rhyme, and had the feeling that she was not far away, but out of pain, and humming the strokes with me."

"The funeral lasted three hours. They had four ministers, one from as far as Center Rutland, since Deacon Amesbury was so prominent in church circles. The morning of the funeral I found a florist's box outside my kitchen door. No one knew who brought it. It was a blanket of violets, such a thing as had never been seen in this region before."

"When the people began to file in, and Mr. and Mrs. Amesbury were putting on their black clothes upstairs, I brought in the violets and covered Flora. They went from her neck to below her feet — just her beautiful pale face, with its piled-up mahogany hair, and the unbroken expanse of blue. When they came downstairs Deacon and Mrs. Amesbury looked daggers at me but they didn't dare take the flowers off."

"David came to the funeral but John Amesbury refused to let him into the house. I was waiting on the door and I kept it open a crack, so that, as he stood bareheaded at the foot of the steps, he could hear what was said."

A

SHORT NARRATIVE

OF

THE LIFE

OF

MR. RICHARD LEE:

CONTAINING

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS

NATIVITY, CONVICTION, AND CONVERSION;

ALSO,

A HINT OF HIS TRIALS RESPECTING IMPROVING HIS GIFTS OF PRAYER, &c. IN PUBLIC;

AND HIS SUFFERING

BY THE ENEMIES OF RELIGION IN A CHRISTIAN LAND;

AS IT IS CALLED;

AND ALSO, HIS TRIALS BY AFFLICTIVE PROVIDENCES.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. PSALM [illegible]

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
1821.

NARRATIVE OF RICHARD LEE

(1747–1823)

Richard Lee, pewterer, preacher and farmer, would have been interesting to the historian even if he were not famous as a distinguished American craftsman. His narrative illustrates cogently the hold which literal religion had upon the minds of our forebears as well as the sometimes pathetic nature of its expression. The faithfulness with which he held to his light, despite almost unbearable every-day tribulations, seems almost unbelievable to our modern secular minds. Many have suffered more for religion than Richard Lee, but few more mundanely and with less reward, either material or spiritual.

Very little was known of the man before the discovery of this narrative. J. B. Kerfoot, in his authoritative volume on American pewter, thought him to be an English craftsman who settled in Taunton, Mass. As a matter of fact, as will be seen from the text, there were two Lees, father and son, both of whom made pewter. Tradition has it that both of them worked in Springfield, but Lee the elder in his autobiography admits only to selling pewter for his son while in Vermont. At the present time we have no clear way of distinguishing between the work of the father and son, since both are marked R. Lee, R.L. or Richard Lee. Possibly the different touchmarks distinguish the two, but we do not know which is which. Notable examples are in the collections of Mr. Harold G. Rugg, Albert C. Bowman, William C. Staples, and the Vermont Historical Society.

Lee was more than a pewterer, as can be seen from his story. He certainly speculated in land, not from a distance, but by actually acquiring and improving farms in Vermont with crops and buildings. This he claims he did to pay his debts, acquired through neglect of worldly callings in pursuit of the Lord's word. He dealt some in wild lands as well, and tinkered with distillates of herbs. He had the children gather wintergreen for him, and repaid them with picture books. Indeed, his own reminiscences were not all he had published. Let us hope that the children did not receive some of the others (though, knowing the man, we may presume they did). They went under such fascinating titles as The Melancholy End of Ungrateful Children. *A*

long life, at least, was the reward of his labors. He died March 26, 1823, and is buried with his son, who survived him by about thirty five years, in the cemetery at North Springfield, Vermont.

No liberties have been taken with the author's text, except to correct a few obvious typographical errors. We print only the first half of the book (of which there were two previous shorter versions) which contains the Narrative. The latter part is an extensive consideration of theological matters, particularly relating to baptism.

Narrative of Richard Lee

The Author's Miscellaneous Apology

To The Reader.

I was loth for a while to undertake this work because of my inability to do it, but being desired by many of my acquaintance to undertake it he offered to assist me therein, and fix it for printing; and having a desire to do all I can for the glory of God . . ., and to leave something which may speak of his goodness to me after my decease: I now feel willing to expose my weakness.

No doubt many serious and candid minds would be glad of the most favorable grounds, to judge of the adverse circumstances of Richard Lee, who presents himself to the world, as a friend to the religious cause. Yet I know that after all I can say, there will be different opinions; no doubt some favorable, and some unfavorable — but I must leave it, and beg the Lord to bless it for the good of some souls if it be his will.

Richard Lee.

Narrative

I WAS born at Scituate, Providence Plantations, January 27, 1747. The day I was seven months old my mother left this world; and my father, a poor man, was left with five small children, four daughters and myself. I was nursed from home for some time. My father married a young woman for a second wife, and had eleven children more, six sons and five daughters.

Not long after this marriage my father moved to Swansey, in Massachusetts, his native place, where I was brought up. My father being ambitious of hard labour, was enabled to support a large family: but his zeal led him to condemn learning as idleness. The scarcity of schooling in those parts was another circumstance that wrought against my share of learning, by which disadvantage I ever expect to carry my badge of ignorance; for I was put at work at five years old as steady as a man; while others of my age were at school, especially in more noble places of learning — and being smote with the ambition of my father, I could not bear to be faulted for lack of what was in my power to do: yet being of a slim constitution and no own mother, I was in feeble circumstances to lay hold of common advantages: and as I advanced towards manly age, every embarrassment stood mightily in the way of maturing my mind by learning; for God sent adversity of much sickness and fire, which consumed my father's house, with almost all that was therein; and he escaped death with great wounds in his flesh by fire. This stream of adversity kept us low till I was of lawful age. But what was more melancholy to detail, I never heard a prayer in my father's house until this time, except in case of sickness when a minister was called, which happened three or four times; nor did I hear my neighbors pray in their families.

Here is a general hint of my obscurity until I was almost twenty-one years of age; at which time I trust God brought me out of darkness into his marvelous light.

And here I take occasion to note that ever-memorable object of thanks to God for his distinguishing act of grace in calling my parents to the knowledge of the truth, before their death, who came forth to the acknowledgment of Christ's name and worship, with the New Lights, whom they had before greatly disdained, and now joined in full fellowship with them.

But before I pass on further I wish to observe upon the shame of bringing up a family like heathen, in a land of light and wealth, destitute of knowledge to read the bible to advantage, destitute of the example of prayer, and the noble instructions of the sacred book; which I think is to expose ourselves to Divine anger; according to Jeremiah's invocation: "Pour out thy fury upon the heathen, and upon the families that call not on thy name." Jer. x. 25. The duty of family prayer has been shamefully neglected and abused by many; and we ought to try ourselves by the word of God, and see how the case stands with us; There is but right and wrong, and no path between; we must be in "the straight gate and narrow way that leads to eternal life; or in the gate and broad way that leads to everlasting death." But few find the narrow way to life; while many are in the broad way to destruction: therefore take warning. There are some brought up to a traditional form of prayer and think all is well with them; but are not attentively concerned for the prayer of faith. Those have the form of godliness, but deny the power thereof. There are others that will not pray at all, under pretension that they will not be hypocrites. But God commands all men everywhere to pray, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting, and they who worship God must worship in spirit and in truth: so that he who prays without faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is only mocking God, and he who neglects praying in faith lives in open violation of the command of Heaven. Some make great pretensions of constant prayer, and doing what they call duty, in their way, and yet use their tongues to curse, and swear, and lie at other times. O! how has it made my heart to bleed for the rising generation whom these pretenders are leading down to hell! and think themselves in a fair way for heaven. Some are justifying themselves in open courses of sin, such as drinking, gambling, frolicking, jesting and carnal courses which they know are condemned in the word of God; and ground their plea on this: "They are not professors;" as though not being professors justified them in open violation of the word of God. These condemn themselves at large. The boldness of their sins is enough to testify against them.

But I return to my narration respecting my change, which has been hinted. I acknowledged that before my change my childhood and youth were vanity and I had a great delight in frolicking; and had promised myself pleasant opportunities at huskings in the fall before I was twenty-one and having bought my time, I felt the more

important, because there were none to forbid me in my choice of pleasure. But ere the pleasant scene had come, about the first of September (blessed be God) an unexpected blow turned my joy into sorrowful scenes. God in his providence led me to an old man who was a new light, whom I hated for his religion, and also determined not to regard a word he should say upon religion. From the prejudices of a low and traditional education, I had conceived from my parents and neighbors, that the new lights were the false prophets, deceitful workers, with many they were accounted as the filth of the world and the off-scouring of all things. But I must go to him for a job of work, and in the bargain he spoke of some cloth; I answered that I wanted some cloth to make me some clothes. He looked upon me, and said, clothes you want to cover the outside; but how is the case within: my thoughts were turned within: O! the sorrows that struck me now! From seven years old these sorrows, in some degree, at times, had been my domestic acquaintance. But now they came heavier than thunder. I saw nakedness within, and called before my judge, unprepared to appear. I saw I was a lawbreaker; nor had I been seeking for reconciliation; but still offending: nor had I ever been willing to put on Christ the gift of God, to clothe my soul with lying vanities, and saying to my conscience, "I am not so bad as others," so that I might not hear its voice; but for all this I felt myself undone! The New-Lights whom I so much hated ceased to trouble me now; for none were worse than myself, or had undone themselves more than I had. My former hatred towards them was crushed by mine own terror. Thus was my stubborn distressed soul dragged by the wheels of time through husking, until six or eight weeks had held me under my heavy load (thanks to God for cutting me off from my carnal pleasures). In those six or eight weeks I frequented the New-Lights' meetings, and (in the manner I suppose other unconverted souls prayed) I ceased not to cry for mercy.

But O! the memorable first day of the week which I attended through the day and evening meeting, and returned home much fatigued in body and mind, which brought me ready to sleep; but was alarmed in a dream, that I had given away to the temptation of one of those delightful sins I was easily carried away with: notwithstanding I supposed I had been praying more than six weeks to be delivered from sin. But starting from my pillow I sat up with the alarming apprehension — the world is at an end. And now were my sorrows rekindled with a double flood of anguish, with this important ques-

tion, *How stands the case between God and my poor soul?* The answer was at hand. I failed at heart; condemnation was full in my conscience, enforced with these words, "Whosoever falleth on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall it shall grind him to powder."

My conscience condemned me: God's holy law condemned me, (as it does all unbelievers). I feared the wrath of an angry God, which made me cry — *What shall I do?*

Being in an upper chamber, my first thought was, I will go down and try to read: the answer was, I shall not live to get to my book. Crying out again, *What shall I do?* I thought I would try to pray to God once more in secret; and had not proceeded more than three or four words before there seemed a still small voice, sounding through my heart, with these instructions — why are you afraid of the world? I then prayed with a loud voice, for all fear of death, hell, and the world, were gone from terrifying me as though they were not. And now it was as easy to pray as for the water to run down a smooth descent. The first breath of the new air was crying glory to God with all my heart and soul with strong desires for the eternal welfare of my fellow creatures; and so continued for some time praying, not fearing the breaking of the rest of two families. Ending my prayer, I got up and went into another chamber, where there were some under concern for their souls: but when I informed them of my feelings, they said they feared I was deluded — which turned me to this reflection: What is the matter with me sure enough?

I went down to try to read; but the woman of the house called, Richard, what is the matter? I attempted to answer her, was overcome, and went into prayer, in which it appeared to me that I was swimming in an ocean of God's love. After this I could speak to her with great freedom: I tried to read, then returned to my bed again with great composure: and as the fore part of that night presented me with the blindness of a natural state, which is darkness, and the pit; so the latter part presented me with the glory of God's grace and power, in delivering my soul from the depths of the pit of darkness and destruction, and setting my feet on the rock of salvation, as I hope.

And here I wish to give my opinion on the movement of the passions. At my first entrance into the kingdom of grace, the powerful effect of the invisible world in my heart (it being such as I were wholly ignorant of until now) struck my senses like lightning, which

shineth from one part under heaven to the other; and enlightened my soul to behold the glory of God in the face of a Saviour, who had been at my door knocking; and finding this blessed Saviour, it set my weak passions all on a flaming zeal; causing in me rejoicing, crying, groaning, praying, talking, and exhorting.

For it was not possible for me so ignorant of the Bible, to give vent to feeling created by a subject so important, sudden and interesting, (whence my soul was overwhelmed with wonder) than only in the feeble accents that nature could afford. I do not justify a noisy appearance, where nature and art can make a greater demonstration of the glory of God's grace. But I think I am bound to thank God's wisdom that suffered my noisy method, lest I should have condemned all others in the same thing.

I conceive the human mind under great impressions may be compared to the rain, which sometimes comes down in a gentle and still shower; and sometimes very powerfully, attended with wind. The same difference is found in children of the same family, with the same subject of joy or sorrow; one may be profoundly calm, while another is flowing with tears.

But I return to my Narration of Sunday evening; And as Peter mistook a reality for a vision, when he followed the Angel out of prison, Acts xii, 9 — so I wist not that I was born again, until Tuesday evening. I was communicating my thoughts to a christian woman who repeated two scriptures which filled my mind with joy and strength, (viz) "I will bring the blind by a way they know not; I will lead them in paths they have not known," Isaiah, xlii. 16. The other is, "There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the Vulture's eye hath not seen, the Lion's whelp hath not trodden it, nor the fierce Lion passed by it." The application of these words was with great joy to my soul, and confirmation to my heart; for I felt the spirit of adoption, crying, Abba, Father. And now my soul was let out again in prayer, and giving thanks to God; for his wonderful goodness in the deliverance of my soul from my weighty sorrows. O thou eternal, three one God! thou hast made, preserved, and redeemed me. I commend my all to thee.

Heaven here, and heaven there,
Comforts flowing everywhere;
This I boldly can attest,
For my soul has got a taste.

I was exceeding happy in those days, time appeared very short, and I rejoiced in viewing a blessed eternity just before me.

But it was not long before clouds of darkness would pass over my mind, so that sometimes I feared I had committed the unpardonable sin: but when those dark clouds were withdrawn and the sun of righteousness appeared again, I felt happier than before; so that I could bless God for all his dealing with me. But the winter following I was tried about baptism, for before this I did not see it to be my duty, although I thought it was a duty for others, and now I did not know whether the Lord called me thereto or not. But at last I was brought to cry to God for the knowledge of my duty, that I might do whatsoever was his will; for I greatly desired to please my God. And the matter was soon made plain to me. I saw it a command of God which I longed to obey, and a beautiful example which I longed to follow, and I made haste and delayed not to keep his commandments; and I found that in keeping this command there was a great reward, and I had a great blessing in this duty, and went on my way rejoicing for some time.

But I was so ignorant and short sighted that I could see but one step at once. I did not see at first that it was my duty and privilege to join the Church, and come to the Lord's table, and my mind was sometimes darkened by sin, so that I was afraid to come to sacrament lest I should come unworthily and so eat and drink damnation to myself. My mind was much tried about this, but he that is the Leader as well as commander of his people, was so kind to me that he let me see that it was my blindness and ignorance that kept me from this duty. And I saw that if I was fit for one duty I was fit for the other, and then I joined a Church, and Lord made it a great blessing to me. I would here remark, that I have ever found a blessing in obedience to my Lord's commands, when I am willing to take up my cross, holding forth the word of life, I find the peace of soul the world cannot give nor take: but if I forsake the Lord, and seek for comfort in the world, I find nothing better than tribulation. So that I find the way of peace is to keep my eye on the Lord Jesus, and aim at his glory in all things.

I will here reprint a little pamphlet for my reader, which briefly shews a scene of disappointment and worldly trouble which I have passed through, chiefly in the space of 7 years.

"IN the year of our Lord. A.D. 1773, I assisted the removal of a family to Lanesborough. I liked the land so well that I bought 50 acres, and took a bond for a deed in 5 years, with paying interest yearly, and the principal to be paid at the end of five years, not being able to pay down; and before I returned home I cleared two acres, and sowed it with wheat. Then I returned home, the distance being 150 miles: I had then the hard fortune to break one of my knees very bad, so that for eight months I was unable to work, besides cost of doctoring, and other charges. But notwithstanding, I had great courage and resolution to go on with clearing my land, and so cleared up the largest part of seven acres, and partly built me a log house, and paid eleven silver dollars interest money for the land, and had hired the greatest part of my household goods moved up there, and expected to go with my family every week for several weeks.

I was, however, disappointed; the unhappy war broke out in this country, and everything being in confusion, I must confess that I did not know what to do. I enlisted myself for eight months in the service, and went to Roxbury; and I agreed with one of my brothers to come down and take my place a week or two, whilst I should come home to see my family, and as it happened I had served about two months and a half, and my brother came down to take my place, and I had been sick about five days; and one of the soldiers got the captain's horse and carried me home sick; and I was exceedingly sick for three months, and confined to my bed and room, and I had to pay my doctor, and for other expences, which was great and they had a well man in the army instead of me, a sick one, and my brother drew the pay. Besides I was not able to do two hours work in a day for two years, and I have never been well a day since, which is more than twenty-two years and one month; and by this means I lost almost all the labor of clearing my land, and building my house, and moving my household goods 150 miles.

Besides eleven silver dollars in money, towards the land, I not being able to pay for the land, nor do any more work on it; which with all other losses of sickness and doctoring, has left me behind hand, and unable to do hardly any work, so that doctors advised me to take to riding for my health, so I did awhile, and traded a little, having a family to take care of, and then I moved back into the country, about 40 miles, and set up keeping a small shop of goods, which I purchased on credit, being unable to labour on the land; and being

very proud spirited, and unwilling that any body should lose any thing by me, I kept trying to make up the fall of paper money to every man that I traded with, and did do it. But others that I traded with did not so by me, and I was such a fool that I trusted in little sums, and I always sold at the stated prices, which many others would not, so that when I came to purchase again, I was obliged to give three times as much for the same quality of Goods. I used to sell provision and clothing to the soldiers and their families, whilst they were in the army, by agreements with them before they went away, and when they came home and paid me, paper money had fell, so that it would take six times as much to purchase the same quality again; which we must think was very hard for a poor man to get along with, and support his family.

I used to make it my rule to go to Providence once in three weeks, and furthermore I took as much as six thousand paper dollars, as was called, in the course of three weeks, and when I came to Providence to make payment, at the three weeks' end, paper money had fell, so that my creditors would not take it of me for debt nor for goods again, but for one half as much as it was three weeks before. Now by all these disappointments, through the fall of paper money, I was so discouraged, that I like a fool, went and took up all paper money securities that I had against me, and gave notes for silver money, it being very plenty at that time. So that I can say, that I think the turn of silver money hurt me almost as bad as the turn of paper money; for I think it was not more than six months, before silver money was reckoned as good again as it was six months before. Also, at that time I lost my wife, which left me with six little children, one of whom was but twenty seven hours and a half old; which sorrowful dispensation of Divine Providence in the turn of times, took away my house, and land, and shop of goods, which cost me more than one thousand hard silver dollars, which now by the turn of money, of the silver currency, would not discharge more than five hundred dollars.

These losses with many others which might have been mentioned, took away all that I had, and left me one hundred pounds worse than nothing, and six little motherless children to maintain, which rendered my circumstance very difficult, under my indisposition of health. By which means I have been unable to pay my honest debts so fast as I would have done, which has caused me disagreeable feelings, and many sorrowful hours, looking back and viewing my numerous misfortunes, it has been such a burden to me, that even I could not sleep

nights, and finally has almost brought me to despair at times, and no one can tell the disagreeable feelings, but those that have had the trial that I have had.

And all these misfortunes happened in about seven years, and indeed it has been but a little better ever since, which is almost seventeen years; for I have had two very long fits of sickness since, besides my family, and all other losses and crosses. But when I number myself among the class of the poor and unfortunate, I have this sole consolation left me, that in all my pilgrimage, I never bought so much as a dram for myself to drink, nor never gambled away one shilling in my life. Now I leave the reader to judge as he pleases.

I have tried all my debts to pay,
But found great trouble in the way;
This present life will soon decay,
Perhaps my time will end today:
Oh may I reach that heavenly shore,
Where sin shall vex my soul no more.

As I had hired my children kept, and being poor and in debt, and under great trials in my mind about improving my gifts in public, I had concluded that I would give up one half of my time to go to meetings and labor for the good of souls in a private way, and the other part of my time to support my children, and pay my debts. So I sat out on a journey, and on the next Saturday night, I got to a Minister's house, where I was well acquainted; and the next day I was at a meeting with him, and spoke a few minutes after he had done preaching; and then they put it to me to speak in the afternoon, to which I consented, and after meeting they desired me to speak again in the evening; and then desired me to have a meeting next day, which I consented to, which opened doors in different towns and places, for upwards of one hundred miles, for which cause I never had time to do but one day's work in thirteen months.

But I being traditionally taught that it was wrong for preachers to receive anything for preaching, therefore by my traditions, after being gone three months at a time, with my horse well shod when I set out on my journey; and when I was returning home seventy miles from home, and not money enough to shoe my horse, it caused my heart to sink within me. By this we may see what tradition will do; and therefore I find there is none so blind as them that wont see: therefore I will compare mankind to two one eyed horses, each blind

on the opposite side; if you let them have their way, going over a high bridge they will one run off one side and the other off the other side, and between the two there is a good bridge. So the people where I was brought up, seeing the extravagance in setting up their minister above all others, so that if all other children had to go barefoot by paying him, it must be done. — And some of our baptist people were so afraid of that error, that they ran into a worse one; for they say, they must have nothing for preaching — and to prove they will say as Paul says, I have labored with my hands for my necessities; and as Christ said to his disciples, that they should not take two coats, neither purse, or scrip: and where Paul says, that they that preach the gospel shall live by the gospel: — which they say it means the spirit of the gospel. As near as I can state the matter, this was as I was brought up, which I now think is to read backwards just about as much as my Congregational brethren do in saying that sprinkling is baptize, when scripture and divine reason tell us better: but believing what father and mother said was right, and not paying close attention to what the Lord hath spoken, wherein he commands us to search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me. But to my shame and confusion I learned to conform with flesh and blood, and it laid me almost useless for some time, which brought me into distressing trials; but blessed be God, he has brought me from Tarshish, and now commands me to preach the preaching that he bids me. But I shall now shew you how this Lord hedged up my way.

I would now insert a note from Mr. *Isaac Backus's* book, entitled, "A Door opened for equal Christian Liberty," which relates to some matters of fact that happened to me within the thirteen months before mentioned — taken from the 7th to the 11th page including two lines of the 11th, by the signs " ".

"After a glorious reformation, the first church in Middleborough, were bereaved of their beloved pastor, in April, 1744. The church then consisted of above one hundred male communicants; but after they had voted to hear Mr. Sylvanus Conant four sabbaths upon probation, the parish committee went and got another minister to supply the pulpit the same days. And a council of six ministers approved of their so doing. By this means the society was divided; and a pastor, chosen by three quarters of the church, and who proved to be one of the best ministers in the county, had no better place than a barn to preach in, till they built a new meeting house for him. The ministers

who *caused that division* belonged to Scituate, Hingham, Hanover, Pembroke and Bridgewater. And the setting up of the world to govern the church about soul guides, was the evident cause of the following prophane, cruel, and scandalous actions.

"Mr. Richard Lee, a gifted member of one of our churches, having labored with success in Scituate, was earnestly requested by a man in Hingham, to come and hold a meeting at his house, which he consented to. The meeting was appointed to be on the evening of May 28, 1782; but as the people were assembling for worship, a large mob came up, armed with clubs and staves, and warned Lee and his friends to depart out of Hingham immediately, or it would be much worse for them. He enquired whether they came with any authority? and finding that they did not, he, with the bible in his hand, began to exhort the people to fear God rather than man, upon which one of them violently seized him by his arm and collar, and others also laying hold of him, hauled him away out of the house, and out of the town. When he attempted to speak, and to recite passages of scripture, they repeatedly smote him on his mouth with the palms of their hands, and also made loud noises to prevent his being heard. As one who had hold of him blundered down, another shook a club over his head, and swore that if he flung another down, he would sink Lee to hell in a moment. He then said, "I look upon this holy bible to be the very best law that ever I heard of." Upon which it was spitefully struck out of his hand, and stamped under foot, with curses and execrations too horrid to be here repeated! When the mob had got him over the town line, their captain shook a club over Lee's head, and swore that if he ever came into that town again, he would tie him up, and whip him thirty stripes. Said our suffering brother, "that's not so much as they whipt Paul." *What! d--m you*, said one, *do you compare yourself with Paul!* A Hingham man said, Mr. Lee may go and hold a meeting at my house. But others declared that if he did they would burn his house down, and carry him out of town. One of the mob cast soft cow-dung in Lee's face, and then they insulted him because of that defilement, with a great deal more of abuse to men, and blasphemy against God. Two other baptist brethren were then hauled by violence out of Hingham, and they went and held a religious meeting in Scituate the same night.

"In the above actions they tore Mr. Lee's clothes considerably, and also bruised and injured his body so much that he was ill for some days, and then he returned home to Glocester in the county of Provi-

dence. In July I met him at Scituate, where we were credibly informed that his safety, and even his life, were still threatened by those rioters. We then went to Boston to ask advice; and many there as well as in the country, advised him to present a complaint to the grand jury of Suffolk county, as a necessary means of securing the public peace, and the liberties of mankind. This was accordingly done, when the county court sat in Boston, in October. Thirteen men were named in the complaint, which was supported by the testimony of eight witnesses; and a warrant was granted against five of the rioters, four of whom were taken, and pleaded not guilty before the court; upon which their trial was appointed to be on January 14, 1783.

"Snow, ice, and a very sharp air, caused the travelling to be exceedingly difficult; yet Mr. Lee travelled seventy miles from his house to Scituate, and, with other witnesses, twenty-three more from thence to Boston, at the appointed time. But after an expensive attendance of four days, the case was put off till April. And the ill treatment he then met with made him determine not to appear there again, without somebody from a distance to speak for him; and the event justified this determination. For no sooner did a lawyer from Providence appear for him in Boston, on April 23d, than a proposal was made to leave the whole affair to chosen men to settle it. This was agreed to; and the gentlemen appointed met upon it in Bridgewater the sixth instant. But then the defendants could not bear to have their case publicly opened; and Mr. Lee was prevailed with to settle the matter with them, upon their paying a sum far short of what many thought they ought to have done. So that none can justly charge him with prosecuting them out of a revengeful spirit, nor with taking all the advantages of them that the law would have given him. — And their names are not omitted in this publication, out of any fear of not being able fully to prove every article; but because we could expose and give proper warnings against such actions for the future, without mentioning their names; and we hope and pray for their repentance and salvation."

I would note that these men did not know any thing about me either good or hurt only by hearsay: but there being a reformation in the town adjoining and they being so much opposed to it, they were determined to put a stop to it by some means or other; so they laid this plan, and hired a man as a Judas, I was informed, to open his door for me to preach in, and they were to give him five gallons of

rum. But if only hearing of the work of the Lord on the hearts of sinners at a distance, will prejudice and agitate the minds so much, what would it be to them if they could be admitted into heaven with the same heart, where there is perfect peace, and praise to Almighty God, which may show us the necessity of having a new heart; and judge ye if it did not appear of the same nature as Paul did when the work of the lord was spreading at Demascus: — He desired letters from the high priest, that he might go and persecute them; and so went breathing out threatenings against Christ, and all that believed in him.

By this the public may see what a spirit there is in the children of anti-Christ, against the disciples of Christ, when they are moved upon to speak for the Lord. — But I think I can say, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

I was very happy in mind though much hurt and bruised in my body; so that I was ill for some time. Neither did it shut any doors against me; but it rather proved like St. Paul's trouble, *which fell out for the furtherance of the gospel.* Thanks to God for it.

I shall leave this subject a while, and relate some of my misfortunes, which came on me of worldly matters, whilst I was disobedient, neglecting the work which I think the Lord called me to; which may not only be a warning to others, not to live in disobedience; but serve as some apology for my not paying my honest debts so soon as I wish to do. It is a hard case for a modest man to make much apology for himself and a harder case for a christian to plead self-justification, when confessions are commonly more suitable for us. But yet a christian may plead his innocent designs, in the fields of adversity, where I stand. And here I will give my creditors and the world the cause of my adversity or misfortunes.

In the first place when I married my second wife, I sought to extricate my self from debt; and for this end I set up tanning in Gloucester (Providence) and hired a man for one year. This was at the close of the British war with America, which caused such a turn of time, that I lost almost all my labour, and flung up. From thence I moved to Springfield, Vermont where I retained fourteen acres of land, and built an house and cleared ten acres, and sold it towards paying my debts. Then took a lease lot, and after clearing four acres and building another house, sold that for the same purpose.

From thence I moved to Grafton, in New Hampshire, where I set up store keeping, bought my goods on credit, and sold them in like

manner, which did not answer my purpose. I traded in wild land, and helped others to farms, but it all turned against me. I bought me a farm, built me a house and store, but the farm being out of repair, the profits were far behind the expenditures; so there could be nothing gained to pay for it. Then I traded in fat cattle, sheep and wheat; but being unable to collect a large quantity of wheat, I had paid for, was obliged to pay for the same again, at a double price, to answer my obligations, at the loss of three hundred dollars. Whether this was owing to my lack of judgment, or lenity or the blast of Divine Providence on crops of wheat, I leave it to others to judge. At this time my violent and successful resistance of fire, attacking a number of buildings, hurt my blood, and caused me a fit of sickness from home, and a long confinement; which added not a little to my calamity — for the partial recovery of my health forbid my labouring on my farm. — Now I must sell again to pay my debts.

My next object was pewtering with my son, and making hardware buttons; but the cost of tools was great, and we were obliged to purchase them by labour, which caused us both to be gone from home eleven months, in which time we both were sick, but through the goodness of God we recovered, and then removed to Ashfield, in Massachusetts, where we lived one year; being unwell myself and family, we met with a train of disappointments too numerous to mention; — From thence we removed to Lanesborough, in Massachusetts, where we lived two years and an half. Here to augment our debts and sorrows we all had the small pox. But after recovering I set out with my two sons a long journey, to collect debts, and sell wild land, and make payment as fast as possible. We purposed to return in two months; but I met with a hurt in one of my eyes, and outstayed the time and here the advantage was taken by three men. The two first proceeded in a legal way, and took twenty-two and an half dollars. Here I object not, but to the needless cost: but the other, a Mr. Hoyt, I had settled with to a trifle, before I went from home: If my family had lived in his house till spring, I should have owed him fifty shillings only. He laid violent hands on my tools and clothes, and household furniture, (my property being in value near 200 dollars) and sold them, as I was informed, in the daytime, in a dark room, by a candle light. A quart bason mould was sold for two dollars twenty-five cents; which to buy new would cost me thirty dollars. Two other moulds were sold for two shillings and six pence, which cost

me five dollars each; and other things in like manner. He turned my family out of doors in the winter, stripped to distress. My wife had to flee 140 miles, to her father's house for shelter. Here is a specimen of the wastage of my goods, and family distress. These tidings met me before I got home to Lanesborough. It may well be expected that I was dismayed at human cruelty.

But here my friends advised me to go immediately to my wife, get her information and go to Lanesborough and settle matters there. Now I was poorer than before I set out on my journey. I must begin to obtain my tools again, *the Lord knows how*. But the reasons why I did not return to Lanesborough were these: as soon as I got where my wife was she was taken sick, and before she recovered I was taken sick, and so remained three months: this falling sickness brought me unable to pay my debts. The doctor's bill not a little swelled the tide of debts; for I have had three long fits of sickness within twenty years; and for myself and wife we had more than twenty different doctors. Under these distresses, I have been obliged to plead the benefit of the insolvent act; not to defraud my creditors, but to have the liberty to accumulate something for them, which I have been doing; and I thank my respectable creditors for signing my petition for the benefit of the act. May they find grace in Christ: and it is my wish to make them ample satisfaction for their kindness.

But since all my desire to compensate my friends, the Lord sent sickness into my family: my wife lay a year and an half under the doctor's care, with great expence, concluding my last sorrowful scene of duty and obligation to her, before she took her exit from these dreary mansions, to where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest: where no oppressor covets her house or rest; and I joyfully hope for her soul. I thank God her friends did not forsake me, amidst the troublesome scene of her sickness; but gave much assistance: the Lord bless them, for I have no other reward, than to resign all she left with hearty thanks.

And now candid reader, I pray take warning by my trouble. Avoid needless debts; for commonly creditors have better memories than debtors; and different feelings when money is due. It is common with people to let their fancy run away with their judgment; so that whilst they think they are running in debt for goods, they often prove evils. It is hard reforming until fancy is dead. If all would learn to live within the circle of their incomes, *how much better the times would be!*

Above all be aware of that infinite debt which never can be paid, nor forgiven, but through faith in Christ; and pardons through his blood; which can take away sin or debts of trespass. Not communicative, for such we have none with God; for all our debts before God are transgressions of a law which nothing pays, but must be forgiven through Christ, or we perish.

Concluded in the September issue.

CAPT. BERNARD ROMANS AND HIS MAP OF VERMONT

By Horace Brown

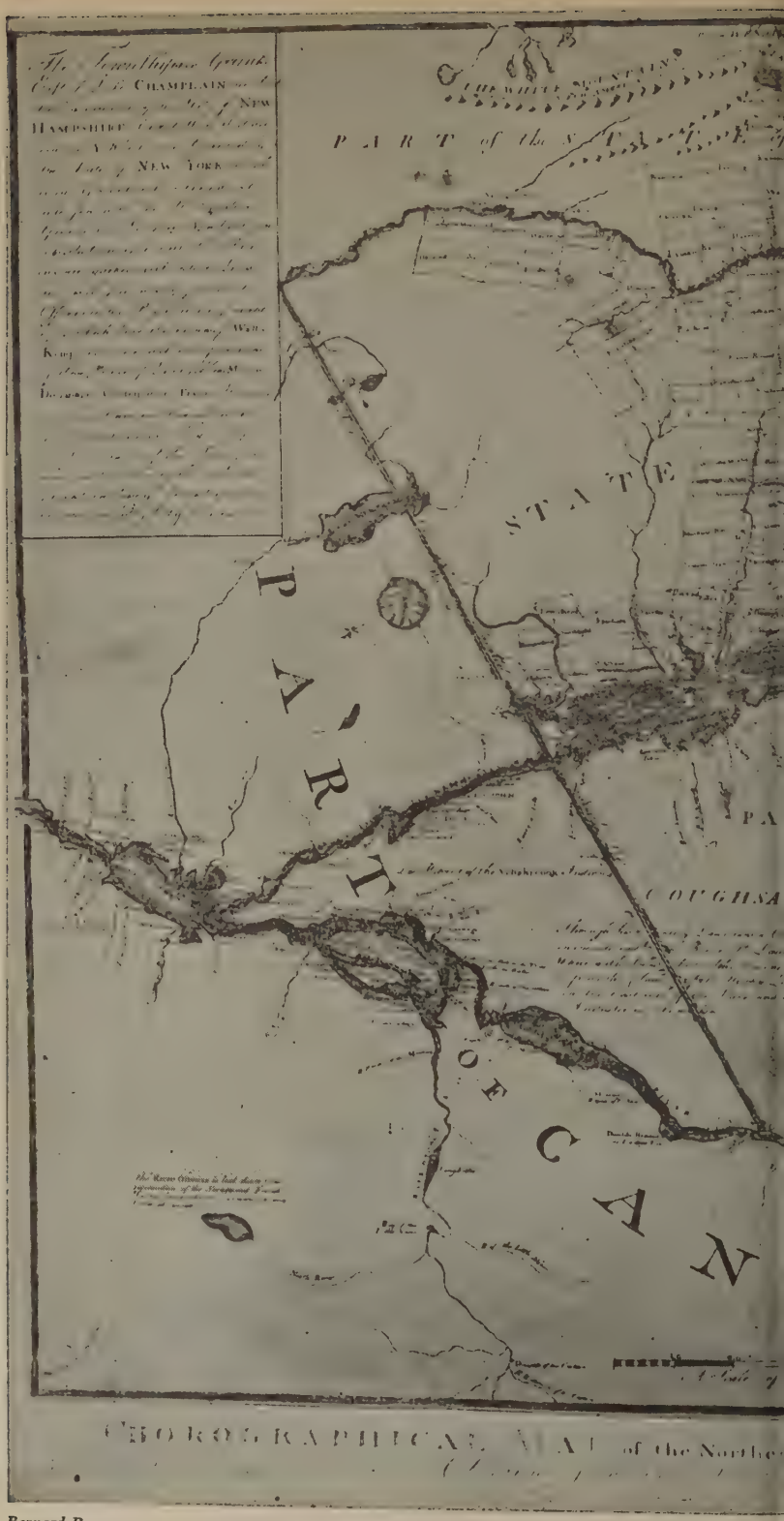
OUR interest in Capt. Bernard Romans is derived from the fact that he was the author of what is generally accepted as being the first map on which the name Vermont appeared — namely — "A Chorographical map of the Northern Department of North America" the drawing for which was made in 1777 and the map printed in 1778.

We know almost nothing of Romans' history before he came to America. He was born in 1720 in Holland but reference has also been made to his being a Swiss engineer. He appeared in this country as an engineer in the service of the British in East Florida in 1763 but there is evidence that he was in America in 1756. In Florida he executed a large map of that district and made some charts of coastal waters; he also wrote a history of Florida which was published in New York in 1775. He was listed in those years as Draughtsman, Mathematician, Navigator and he seems to have been a botanist as well.

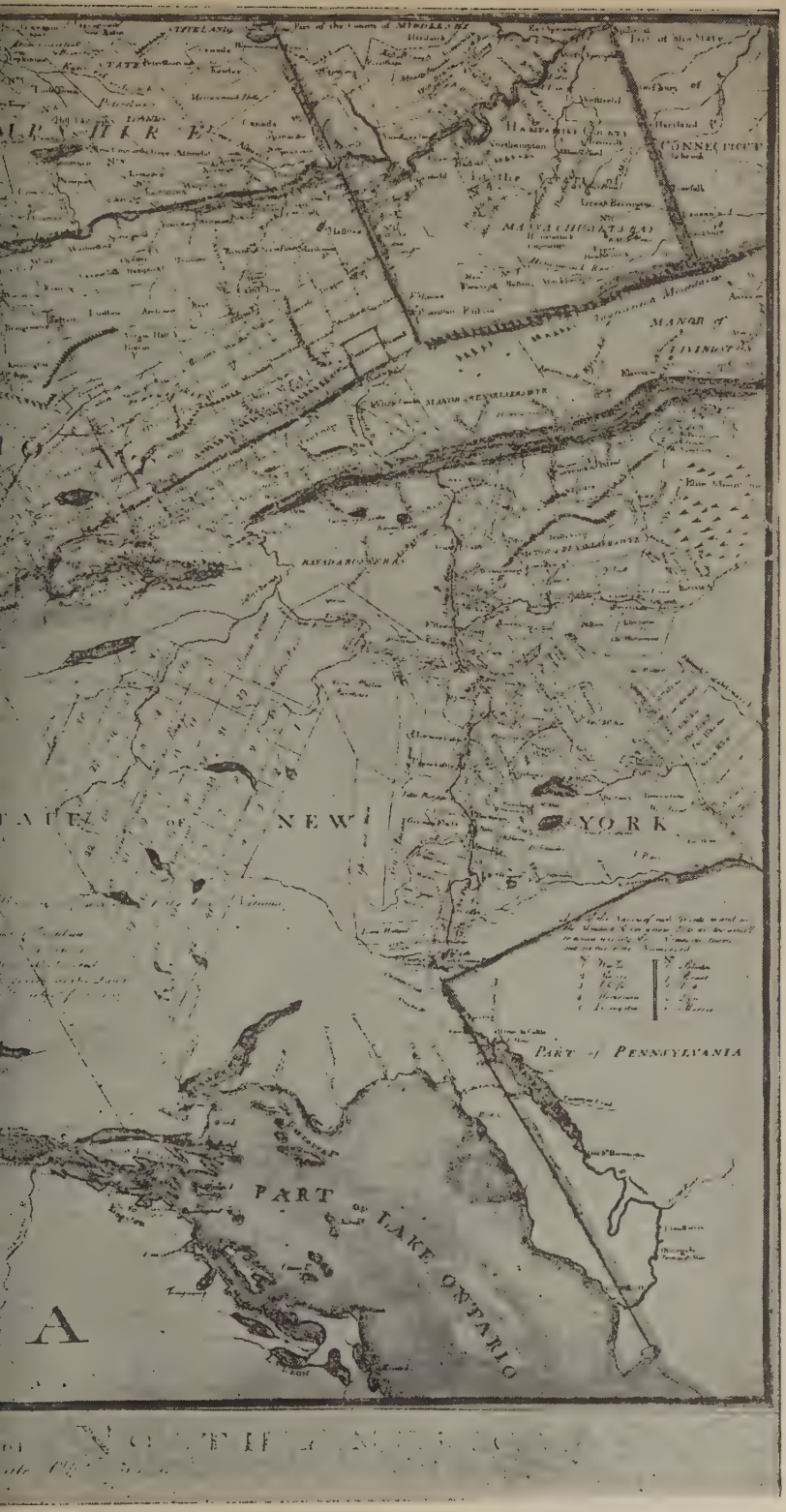
In January of 1774 he was in Boston and in all probability knew Paul Revere. The latter's account book for that year shows three items charged to Capt. Bernard Romans. All of them had to do with engraving copper plates or repairing them for engraving.

About this time Romans took up residence in Hartford, Connecticut, and was appointed a member of the Connecticut committee to take possession of "Ticonderoga and its dependencies." He left the party at Bennington, however, owing to some disagreement with the leaders of the party, and went off to seize Fort George on his own account, which was proper, as it was included in the instructions to the committee. Fort George, however, had already been abandoned and was in ruinous condition. Romans soon arrived at Ticonderoga and was commended by General Arnold.

The remainder of his Revolutionary War experiences do not seem to have been so happy. There were frequent altercations. Complaints were registered against him by Generals Arnold and Schuyler as well as others, and he finally resigned his commission in June, 1778. This did not quite terminate his military service as in 1780 he was ordered to South Carolina to join the Southern Army. Travelling by sea, he



Bernard Romans



Courtesy John Carter Brown Library

was captured by the British and taken to the island of Jamaica where he remained a prisoner until the end of the war. He died en route back to the United States.

Romans was a gifted man in many fields — his one failing was his inability to get on with other people. There is mention of it back in his Florida days. When he left the Connecticut Committee at Bennington, Captain Matis wrote of him, "Mr. Romans has left us and joined us no more; We were all glad, as he had been a trouble to us, all the time he was with us."

These many evidences of bad temper and irascibility are of interest to us as we examine the map. Note, for instance, in the upper left corner, his bitterness against the so-called "Land-Jobbers" who gave grants of land to their friends where older grants already existed. One startling thing is the orientation of the map. North lies about 30 degrees south of where West usually appears. This arbitrary departure from having the fleur de lis of the compass card point to the top of the map occasionally occurred. Among the numerous maps made by George Washington as a young surveyor, one finds this change from the customary arrangement at least four times.

The advertisement for the Romans' map, from the *Connecticut Journal*, New Haven, Wednesday, June 11, 1777, was as follows: "A Chorographical Map of the Northern Department of North America. Drawn from the latest and most accurate observations." Then followed information concerning scale of miles, and measurements of the map itself. Later another advertisement of the map appeared in the *New London Gazette*.

The name of Romans does not appear in any advertisement nor on the map itself but all the circumstances point to his being the author, not the least convincing being the text at the top left corner.

One of the most interesting aspects of the map is its use of the name Vermont. First appearance of the word is usually credited to a broadside letter issued in April, 1777, by Thomas Young of Pennsylvania, addressed "To the Inhabitants of Vermont, A Free and Independent State bounding on the River Connecticut and Lake Champlain." This broadside advised the inhabitants of the grants to throw off their allegiance to New York and to establish their own government. It would seem entirely probable that Romans had seen it.

The author knows of but two copies of the map under consideration, one in the John Carter Brown Library at Providence, R.I., the other in the Huntington Library at Pasadena, California.

VERMONT LETTERS

A Department

Through the pages of this letter, written over a hundred years ago by a Yankee school teacher traveling in the ante-bellum South, stride men like John C. Calhoun and Francis K. Huger, "the one who assisted in liberating LaFayette from prison in Prussia." The author, a Middlebury graduate of a year before, presents a highly interesting picture of the states of North and South Carolina. No changes have been made except to add commas in a few exhaustingly long sentences. A slight mutilation has caused the loss of a very few words at one point.

Rutherfordton, N.C. May 9th 1839

Dear Brother

I reckon you will begin to think that I am of a roving disposition when you hear of my being at so many different places. I should have written to you before but I was very unexpectedly disappointed at Pendleton and have been waiting to see how I might succeed in getting another situation. The story of my adventures since March 26th, the time I wrote my last letter home, is this. I left Columbia in the stage about eight o'clock Tuesday morning and that day and the next we had very pleasant weather, although there is not much pleasure to be taken in travelling about South Carolina. With the exception of Charleston there are but about half as many inhabitants on a square mile as in Vermont, and in the low country the main roads follow the ridges whereas most of the inhabitants live off on the lower and more fertile lands, so that about three fourths of the way the roads run through woodland and are not fenced out. The people of South Carolina have a great deal of state pride. Most of them think themselves almost beyond comparison with the people of the other states and for a time I thought they had some reason to boast; but when I came to attend their court, which was in session at Columbia just before I left, and to travel through the country I came to a very different conclusion. At the court among the jurors and witnesses I saw some more ignorant and rough looking men than could easily be

found in Vt. And in the country there are a good many quite wealthy planters who are uneducated — dress like our old farmers and live in log houses scarcely to be distinguished from those of their slaves. I suppose that there is about one fifth of the inhabitants of S. C. that cannot read and write. But I am digressing too far. We arrived at Greenville Wednesday night. This is somewhat larger than Middlebury and the most flourishing village in the upper part of S. C. It is one hundred and ten miles from Columbia and twenty nine a little north from east of Pendleton. The next morning we had a rain to travel in but as they always go with coaches here the greatest inconvenience was we had to ride with closed curtains. We arrived at P— about eight o'clock and when I saw the Trustee who had written to me, he told me that some three or four weeks before they had written to the Association at Philadelphia giving them full power to engage and send them on a teacher and that they had just received a letter informing them that the Assn. had engaged one and that he was to start soon from Keene, N.H. He said when they wrote to me they made a mistake in the time of their writing to the Assn. They thought it had been fifteen days longer than it had and so long that they would not get any answer from them. The Trustees met the next day and decided that as the situation had been before legally disposed of they had no right to engage me. It appeared the Association had engaged a teacher about ten days before the Trustees wrote to me. I had the advantage of them but as the Trustees were John C. Calhoun, Col. Francis K. Huger, the one who assisted in liberating La Fayette from prison in Prussia, and some of the other most distinguished men of S. C. I concluded it would not be advisable for me to go to law with them to say what the damages should be. They paid me One Hundred Dollars. It was the worst time of year to get situations but by writing and making inquiries I soon found several though not any of them just such as I wanted. In the mean time I borrowed some law books and went to reading law. I boarded with a very good family. The old gentleman Mr. Sharp had been blind for three or four years. He was very sociable and intelligent. He gave me a great deal of information in respect to the history and leading men of S. C. I liked the people of Pendleton very well. The village is not so pleasantly situated as I expected. I think Mr. Maxwell the Trustee who wrote to me exaggerated somewhat in his description of the place. There are some very pleasant country seats in the vicinity. Dr. Bates' daughters and Miss Billings succeed very well in their school at P—.

I did not hear them say but some of the people thought their school brought them in about Three Thousand Dollars a year. Miss Mary Bates the principal has a very exalted opinion of herself and she had made the people believe that she knows almost everything. They keep a very good school but no better than Louisa and Fidelia could keep. I remained in P— four weeks lacking one day and concluded to come on to this place although I was not quite certain of obtaining employment here. As there was no hurry about my getting here to save expense I started off on foot with a budget under my arm upon a journey of eighty miles. It was very hot weather but the road was shaded by the woods most of the way and I had an umbrella so that I got along very well. I took four days to come fifty five miles and . . . I got a ride the other twenty five. They have no taverns here ex . . . yes which are sometimes fifty miles apart. Most of the people on . . . [ta]ke in travellers when it is necessary. Teamsters and families moving, usually camp out. I used to take dinner in my pocket in the morning for fear I should not come across a house where I could get it. This village is not very pleasantly situated though it is very rapidly improving. It is much larger and handsomer than Pendleton and I think the prospect for a permanent school much better. There are four Hotels and eight or ten stores in the place. I have been here a little more than a week. I like the people very well as far as I have become acquainted with them although they do not appear quite as intelligent or take quite as much interest in their schools as I should like to have them. This place is about eight or ten miles from the blue Ridge and is considered perfectly healthy. I feel just as safe in that respect as I should in any part of New England. They have almost every kind of fruit here that is to be found in the Northern or Southern states. They have a court in this village four times a year. The court is now in session and the people flock in so that they are very much troubled to find accommodations. I am going to commence teaching one week from next Monday. I can't tell much about how many scholars I shall have. Some think I shall have forty or fifty. The tuition will average about twenty five dollars a scholar by the year. I will send some of you a paper with the advertisement. I wish you would have Louisa and Fidelia get some recommendations and copy them into a letter and send them on. I think they can have a good situation in this village. They are building a new female Academy and I think the school will be worth a Thousand dollars a year. They have a teacher here now but I think it

quite likely she will leave soon. If I can't get one here for them I can get a good one not far off. I think I shall be able to send some money after awhile I have just a hundred dollars on hand now but I can't get a check or any northern money in this place. Col. Smith was to pay Seventy Dollars a few days after I left Col—. I have written to see if he has paid it and if he has I shall send some more to Dr. Howe and have him get a check at Columbia and send on. If he has not, the Merchants of this place are frequently going to New York and they can get checks for me at Raleigh. It will be eight weeks lacking one day from the time I left Col. until I commence school and my expenses will be about forty dollars so I shall make but thirty dollars a month travelling about the country reading law, attending courts &c. Please give my respects to all and write soon. I suppose my letters don't interest you much you must tell me what you want I should write about. The mail is about to close so goodbye.

From your Brother J. M. Douglas

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS — I

CALENDAR OF THE SETH WARNER PAPERS

Vermont Historical Society

The following papers, written by the sons of Seth Warner, the revolutionary hero, mostly to Henry Stevens, of Barnet, reveal significant information as to some of the famous incidents in which Warner participated. Of course, it must be remembered that these are recollections of much later, and are in the nature of claims, in which a man's importance and contributions are usually over-emphasized.

1834, March 22 *Edward, J. L.* to *Warner, Israel*
Washington, D.C. *White Hall, N.Y.*

Sir,

You are requested to furnish this Office with any evidence you may have of the revolutionary services of your father, Col. Seth Warner, or of the officers and soldiers who served under him.

Pay and muster rolls become very important in the investigation of claims for revolutionary services. Other papers likewise which relate thereto in any way, may be useful in view of the same object.

(1839?) *Deposition by Warner, Seth*

In the Year 1817 I was in Montreal and Sir John Johnson came to me and requested me to go home with him and when I came to his house he had a splendid dinner table Set and Set a Chair for me at the table, and told me he had some things to Communicate to me after dinner which he had not ever told to any person, after dinner, he took me into a private room and told me that Capt. John Warner once took him a prisoner in the time of the Revolution War, about five or Six Miles east of the mouth of the River Lamoil and killed all the Indians he had with him which was 150, and marched him to Bennington

where Col. Warner's Regiment was Stationed, and he did expect to be Hanged or be put to death some way he was kept Snug in a room one day and was not allowed to Speak to any person, about midnight Col. Warner Came to him and told him to follow him and not Speak a word, he followed him to the door Warner told him to mount a hors that was at the door and go with him. Warner was armed with Pisles and Rifle and they rode to Arlington, and Never Spile a word, and When they Came there, Warner told him if he woud promise that he Never would Bring his Indians on to the Land Called Hampshire Grants he woud let him go if Not he would kill him on the Spot, he said that he did promise and kept his word, and gave orders to his Indians not to go on that tract of Land Nor to hurt or Molest any of the Inhabitants on that Side of the Lake Champlain. Warner told him if he did come with his Indians on that Ground he would be Sure to be taken and killed for the King had not Indians Enough to fight with John Warner's Scout. I asked him what Rout he took after that, he Said he went out to the westward on to Susquehannah River and around that Section of the Country.
What I have written are facts.

Seth Warner

Col. Seth Warner's family.
Israel Warner — Lives in White Hall
Abigail Warner Married James Meacham of Williamstown, Mass. and is Now a Widow
Seth Warner Resides in the Village of Henryville, Province of Lower Canada

1845 October 23 *Warner, Seth* to *Stephens, H.*
Montpelier, Vt. *Cabot, Vt.*

Sir,

My Father Spent his time and property in the Revolution War, and after his death his property only paid to his creditors one Shilling and ten pence on the pound which left my Mother and her family very poor in the town of Woodbury State Connecticut, in two or three Years after the death of my Father General Washington and another Gentleman by the Name of Do^r^. Johnson came to See my Mother and Staid at

her house a few days and enquired into her Situation and made her a presant of Nine hundred dollars and a Very handsome horse which enabled her to buy a Small house and farm, But General Washington made her promise that she Never would tell any person of the presant that he gave her and there was not any person by or had any knowedge of the Business accept Doctor Johnson and Myself we saw the money Counted by General Washington. My Father died in Dec^{m}. 1784.

1845 November 25 *Warner, Israel* to *Stephens, H.*
White Hall, N.Y. *Cabot, Vt.*

Worthy Sir,

I have Sent to Williamstown for part of the papers and some papers are in Albany as they obtain them from the Seccraterry when they arrive I will forward them to your honour my father's Comision and Colonol Allen's deed I forward to you together with some other papers and after you have Examind them sufficiently you will be so good as to send them to your Humble servent.

Israel Warner

N B I feel verry Much in your Wellfare
You are Verry Much applauded abroad

1845 December 30 *Warner, Israel* to *Stephens, H.*
White Hall, N.Y. *Barnet, Vt.*

Worthy Sir,

I received your letter the 27 Inst. and with pleasure am happy to give such information as has come to My knowledge, in regard to papers. My Father Directed me to pack up all the War papers which I did and put them in a Barrel and headed them up tight, and when we Mooved to WhiteHall those papers were left with Elihew Canfield in Roxbury in Litchfield County Connecticut, and the secretary of the U. S. wrote to me to forward them to him, I wrote I was two hundred miles Distant and did not know how to get them to him, he then wrote to me to Discribe the place and I need not trouble, he would send for them, there was a great dispute whether we Belong'd to the Continental Line, or volunteers of Vermont, and I had to send my Fathers Commision to Congress Sign'd

by John Hancock, this was on account of giving our Soldiers a Pension, My Mother's name was Hester Hurd, and I believe he Married her in Lanesborough, or Adams, in Massachusetts, I have been to my Granfather Hurd's, and attended School there one winter, then my Father had six brothers, viz, Benjamin, John, Asel, Reuben, Elijah and Daniel, Daniel was killed in Bennington Battle, my Father had two Sisters, Hannah (Tamer?), Hannah married Sire Hawley and lived in Arlington, Tamer married Israel Hurd, and was left a widow, My Granfather came to Bennington and bought one mile square of Land and as fast as his Boys married, mooved on the Land, as for the particular time they Mooved there I cannot say it was before my knowledge, but I have seen it in William's History of Vermont, that gives an account of the Struggles with New York, my Father married, and mooved to Bennington and always resided there untill the close of the war, there were three children of us viz. Israel, Naby or rather, Abigail, and Seth, my Father was mooving to Castleton with his family, when we got as far as Ruport news came that the British had Ariv'd at Ticonderoga, then the Volunteers of Vermont went forward and my Fathere with these, and I return'd with my Mother and Sisters and goods to Bennington, as for personal knowledge of the Campaign in Canada I have not, until you come to the Battle at Bennington, but I Suppose I can give a true account of the taking Ticonderoga, St Johns, Chamby, Laprarie, and the taking of the Shipping on the St. Lawrance, against Montreal, and the Battle at Longuenil, the retreat from Ticoderoga, Hubberton Battle, by hearing the Officers Discoursing on every particular of their Battles, in regard to the correspondance between the Governor of Vermont, and the general of Canada, when my Father came to be inform'd of it, he took Major Hide with him with their Loaded Pistols, and the first salute my Father Call'd the Governor a Damd Tory, then the Governor says, hipso-facto-do you say that, I do said he, and there were no reconciliation then the Governor sent for General E. Allen and they Both pledged their honor there was not any secret Conspiracy against the Goverment, Daniel Chipman Esq. of Ripton has wrote to me to know whether my Father was in the first action in Bennington and what my Mother's Name was when a girl, I have

answered his letter, after Hubberton Battle My Father made a stand at Manchester, and went to Bennington to consult the best step and at that same time the Enemy was coming to Bennington My Father sent an Express for his Regiment to Repare to Bennington, General Starks and my Father consulted to send a letter to General Stafford on Stafford Hill and my Father said put Israel on the horse, and told me to not spare horse flesh, and not stop to speak with any one but tell them the enemy are just into Bennington, when I arived at General Staffords door the horses tongue hung out of his mouth I called for general Stafford he came out I gave him my Fathers letter, he took it and said to his man take that Boy off the horse and cool him as fast as possible it was General Training there, and the General went and red the letter in all their hearing, and said I must stay until morning and a large company of volunteers would accompany me, I said I must return to give information and I rode the best part of the Night but the volunteers did not arive until the next Day at Evening with Old Major Rann at their head, my Father was at Medad Deweys, Major Rann said his orders was to put this man under Warners directions My Father told him to join General Starks he said he would not, if he could not go according to order he would not go at all, and my Father went on with Rann in the first action, and our regiment did not get there until after the first action, and at that Crisise the Enemy had a Powerful Reinforcement, and General Starks ordered my Father to ride on line and order a retreat into the Middle of Bennington, my Father said he be Dam'd if he would, What says the General will you not Obey my orders, my Father said he did not know but he must if it brought the Heavens and Earth together, and if they began a retreat there would be no stop to the Militia, My Father swore he could get the Action on the ground, then General Starks told him to go on, my Father gave his men half a pint of Spirits each with some gunpowder in it, and then said he did not see but what they felt as merry as if they were a-going to a New Years Ball, after they had taken Burgoin our Regiment had to March down the Hudson River to Stop the Enemy Burning, they then said Warner is coming with his hell hounds and they might as well give the ground first as last, they shipped aboard for New York, after all these strugles

Our Regiment was stationed at Lake George, and when peace took place all those that were Enlisted During war, was Discharged, and those that were Enlisted for three years had to go to westpoint, and serve their time out, my Fathere lost Eight horses in the war and the last horse was shot through with Eight Balls, and two Balls went through my Fathers left arm, My Fathere died December 26th, 1784, in Roxbury Lichfield Count-y Connecticut, in the Forty Seccond Year of his age He was Born the six day of May, and if you look in the second volum of Williams history of Vermont, in the latter part of said Book, I could write a Multitude of grievous in the first instance My Father had a very Considerable Land in Vermont and he Contracted with the Governor that his Lands Should be sacred until the war was over, the Land was sold to the Allens, and not one foot was left for us, it was all sold for taxes and when the General Assembly sat at Newbury I came from Connecticut and the Honerable house gave two thousand acres of Land and after it was surveyed I went to view the Land I found it to be not anything but a great swamp, and on the East side a very steep high Mountain, I went to the General surviyer Ira Allen, and told him I was sorry he laid out my Land in a swamp, he said it was well enough that it was nothing but a gift, the state of Vermont Owed my Father 7.40 pound, and when My Father was very sick, and we very much Distressed My Mother wrote to the Governor for assistance but the Governor refused to assist us, Mr. Gove sid that debt was still due, My Brother was Born the same year Benning Battle was fought 1777, consequently had no personal knowledge of the war.

1845 September 23 *Deposition by Warner, Seth*

Whereas Israel Warner Abigail Meacham and Seth Warner the Heirs of Col. Seth Warner have presented a memorial to the assembly of the State of Vermont for Ballance if any there is due to Col. Seth Warner for the depreciation of the Continental that was paid to him for his Services in the Continental War and likewise to him an allowance for us for to make good the worth of the land, that was given to us by the State of Vermont to make it good for Settlement.

And now I Seth Warner for myself and as an attorney for Israel Warner and Abigail Meacham do promise and agree to pay to Mr. Henry Stephen Esq. one half of the Sum or Sums that General Assembly Shall allow us on the Said Memorial for his Labour and Services in tooking over papers and for Monies he has expended in the Said Business as Soon as Received from State of Vermont.

In Witness my hand at Monpelier this 23rd, 1845.

Seth Warner

1846 Jan. 15 *Warner, Israel* to *Stephens, Henry*
Whitehall, N.Y. *Washington, D.C.*

Dear Sir,

According to request I have this day Sat down to give some information in regard to the Revolutionary War in our Northern Direction the first alarm was that the British had taken Ticonderago, out Vermonters were much alarm'd and turn'd out Volunteers to the rescue of that Fort, it was a general turn out, and when they came opposite Ticonderoga in the Bushes there was a Dispute who they would have for a Commander, it fell on Allen, and Warner says Allen to Warner, I am not going under you, says Warner to Allen I will not go under you, and finally they agree'd that Warner, Should go out one way, and Allen, the other and the Men follow whichever they choose, they all followed Warner, then Allen was so enrag'd that he Challenged Warner for a Dewel, and took his distance, Says Allen to Warner, we are a going to Die like Dam'd fools, Says Warner if you will not fight, fire off your Pistol in the air, then he fir'd it off now says Allen fire off your's said Warner, mine is not loaded they came and examined it and it was not loaded, says Warner, to Allin, I can fight you any time with an empty Pistol, The next subject is how they were to cross the Lake, they sent two Men to Wm. Earl's who lived in a log house to see if they could get conveyance across the Lake, telling them they were hunters, and wish'd to go acrost to the fort to buy Amunition Mr. Earl said they had no Boat, But the Captain was a going to send his Boat acrost that Evening for him and his wife to go and take Supper with him, and he believd they might cross at the same time, when it came

Evening the Boat came, then those two Men came and agree'd with the Sergant to cross with him, then ran back to the mountain to give information then fifty more of our Men came down with them, took the British Sergeant put him under guard, and kept the Boat, just then Skenes Sloop came in sight, Commanded by two Negroes, it was loaded with Iron Ore from Crown Point, going to the then call'd Skeins Borough, (now Whitehall) Our Men Called the Negroes, the Negroes asked what they wanted, the answer was we want to go to Skeinsborough, then they came in to Shore, our Men took the Boat, put the Negroes Under Guard, and threw the Ore overboard, then Our Men Crossed over to the Sandy Battery on the west bank of the Lake, about a mile North of Ticoneroga in the Night, then my Father and Ebenezer Allen agree'd to steal the Centry off his post, they went, when the Centry went from them they ran forward, but when he turn'd towards them, they squat to the ground they continued this way till they got near enough, then they seiz'd him pointed two Pistols at his Breast and Brought him to our party, then our party Marched in to the Fort, and the Centry show'd where the Captains apartment was, then General Allen flew up to the Door, and Commanded the Captain to come forth he with much surprise came forth in his shirt not Dressed it being in the Night and wanted to know what their Business was, Says Allen, I Demand this Fort in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress, and Ethan Allen By God, the next subject my Father with his Volunteers and the Navy took Crownpoint, and then we had all their war vessels, we went forward to Canada and took Isle Auxnoix but St. Johns, they could not take, My Father went down Twelve Miles North of St. Johns and took Chambly, then went to Laprarie, and what few Men he had they Marched in at the Front Gate, and out at the Back gate, until dark, he March'd them round and round that way, to make the Enemy think they had a great number to appearance the British said, they had a Million of Men the British shiping were in front of Montreal, My Father and Doct. Jonas Gay, wrote and my Father Endited that if they did not give up by Tomorrow Morning at ten Oclock, they would not give any Quarters, that Night they threw their gunpowder over Board, the next Morning another Flag was

sent, and said they were very sorry they should waste their Amunition, and Black the River so much, that was the last invitation, they gave up their shipping at once, then the British were trying to cross at Longuil to go and relieve St. Johns, My Fathers Regiment went from Laprarie to oppose them, there was a stone wall on the East Side of the highway along the Bank of the River, and our men took Shelter behind that, and fought four hours and Forty six minutes, and we did not have one man wounded or hurt, only one Ball went through my Fathers hair and cut about one third off, our Regiment kept the British Back until St. Johns surrendered, Now General Ethan Allen made a Complaint to our Commanding General that he had Volunteered for his Cuntry and had not the honors shone him that belonged to his rank, the General told Allen if he would Call for Volunteers and go and take Montreal he should be highly promoted, he accordingly went on, crossed the river below Longuil and Commenced a fight with the British, and the first our men knew Allen was Missing and our Men return'd across the river for want of a Commander, then the British made search for Allen, and found him in a Barn covered over with Hay, they then took him to England where he Resided about a year and then was Exchan'd I saw him when he return'd to Bennington he Caused three Cannon to be fired in the night, it alarm'd the town then he said he would not go to Bed until he had seen his Old friends, and he buought out Rum, some Drank and some would not, but went away much displeas'd, You will remember that Ebenezer Allen and Ethan Allen are two different men, it was Ebenezer that took the Centry of his post with my Father, After this Montreal was taken, after they had taken that they Decended Down the river St. Lawrence to Quebec and laid siege to that place after General Montgomery had got into the City he was Killed, and that Disheartened our Forces very much, then General Arnold Came across from some place Eastwardly to join our forces, at that time the Small Pox raged very hard in our Regiment, and the British coming in at the same time, our Army thought best to Retreat, and General Orders came that not a Man should Enoculate for the Small Pox, my Father Called his Regiment together, and said My Brave Boys, it is General Orders that they shall

not Enoculate for the Small Pox, on account of keeping Guard, I do not wish to Countermand the General Orders, but if you shoold take it in the Thigh and Diet for it, it would be much better for you, and they will not find it out, they all likewise inoculated, and Our Regiment came off without loosing one Man, whilst other Regiments had their men die on the Road my Father Brought up the rear and would not leave one sick man Behind, and pressed every Frenchman that had a horse, and Cart, to go and Carry his sick soldiers, (those that had the Small Pox) and they Retreated until they came to Ticonderoga, and there thought to Make a Stand, but through the neglect of our Officers, the British got Possession of Mount Defiance and Cannonaded Ticonderaga Fort, then my Father and Colonel Frances had to retreat from Ticonderoga, some came by water to Skeinsborough but the main army marched by Land, Eastwardly to Hubberton, there the British Army overtook them and there a Battle ensu'd and Colonel Frances, and my Father's Regiments Beat them back, but when the great Body of the British arived they were Ten to One of us, and Colonel Frances was Killed, Then we expected General Hale's Regiment to assist us, but Hale gave up his Regiment without fireing one gun and my Father was Oblig'd to retreat on the Mountain and when they arrived at the top of the Eminence, my Father said now my Boy's we will give them four rounds each and then retreat on the next hill they made great slaughter, then the Enemy came up the second hill and our men waited on the third hill, but the British return'd back, and our men came through the mountains to Rutland then marched to Manchester and there made a stand, until called for to fight at the Battle of Bennington and the taking of General Burgoin and our Regiment going down the river to stop the Burning of Kingston and then our Regiment was stationed on the frontier to guard against the British and savages at Lake George,

My Father wore himself out in the Revolutionary war, and Expended the whole of his Estate, lost Eight horses in the war, and the last one was shot through with Eight Balls, and three Balls went through my Fathers left Arm, Adjutant Hopkins, and Lieutenant Coon, was killed in the ambush of forty five Indians, I took my Father to the sea side for his health but it

was of no use he came back home, and Died in Roxberry, Litchfield County, Connectic Dec. 26th 1784 in the Forty Second year of his age, General Arnold was with our fleet on Lake Champlain when the British fleet came out on the Lake and they had a very hard Engagement until our Amunition was all Expended, then Arnold sunk our shipping at the south End of the Island of Belcore, and took small Boats and run ashore, and took to the woods, when peace took place and our army paid off in Continental Money and we were allowed Eighty Dollars Bounty, one hundred Dollars of that Money would not buy one glass of rum, Mr. (Vanvanse?) Meer offered me a Silver Dollar for my Bounty, I told him I would take it, but I could not get the papers so I lost that, when my Father was very sick word came that the army was to be paid off in Commutation Money, and before I saw any of it, it Became as worthless as the Continental Money was, the Honorable House of Congress gave five hundred Acres of Land to My Mother, and heirs, in Ohio, but there are so many squatters on it that we in our Indigent Circunstances are not able to support a Law suit Consequently must loose it, I am told that every soldier that was during the war, drew a hundred acres of Land in the Ohio, by act of Congress, I have not received any warrant and do not know whether it is true or not,

Respectfully Yours

Israel Warner

(Note added on reverse)

Worthy Sirs,

Should war be Reproclaim'd against the United States, and his Excellency our President should see cause to raise a Regiment of Green Mountain Boys, I feel as if I should volunteer in defence of my Cuntry,

I. Warner

(Note added on a separate sheet)

If it is Consistent with the Secretary of the United States to let Esq. Stephens have the Revolutionary papers of the Northern Direction or take Copies from them, you will much oblige your Humble servant

Israel Warner

Mr. Stephens will return those papers to me at Whitehall

1846 July 28 *Warner, Seth* to *Stevins, Henry*
Henryville, Vt. *Barnet, Vt.*

Worthy Sir,

You will please to excuse me for troubling you so much I wrote you two Letters before this time and have not received any answer and so conclude that you have not received them You wrote to me there was some prospects of getting some pay for my Fathers Services in the Revolution and you are the Better Judge about it than me if you will take the Business in hand and Send for the copies to Washington we will pay you what is right for your trouble or we will give a Commission on what we get please to write to me what pr cent you will take and do the Bussiness I have a power from my Brother and Sister to make any Bargain I please to write to me at any rate if it necessary I will come and see you if you Believe there is a prospect of getting any thing This from your friend and Humble Servant

1853 Jan. 11 *Warner, Seth* to *Stevens, Henry*
Henryville, Vt. *Barnet, Vt.*

Worthy Friend Sir,

My Brother and myself signed a Quit Claim deed to you of 2000 acres of Land Called Warners Gore in the State of Vermont Last Summer and put it in the post office in Alburgh and we have not heard from you whether you received it or not if you have received it we wish you would write us and Inform us the Situation of the land how you have suceeded if you write you can direct you letter to Israel Warner of Alburgh Springs post office if you direct your letter to me at Henryville the letter will be sent to Montreal and sometimes they are detained a long time before I get it

This from Your Old friend

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS — II

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN VERMONT

A Statistical Survey, 1832–1854

Edited by THOMAS F. O'CONNOR

The paucity of published sources for the history of Catholic beginnings in nineteenth century Vermont makes precious those that do exist. In the present instance the value of the information is enhanced by the relative rareness of the volumes from which it has been extracted.

In any study of Catholic development in the United States for the past century and a quarter recourse must be had to the series of annual volumes issued under the variant titles of Catholic Directories, Year Books, and Almanacs. The first number was issued at New York, in 1817, by Matthew Field as The Catholic Laity's Directory to the Church Service. *The "Directory" portion of this volume comprises only a few pages, and offers no information in regard to Vermont.*

Mr. Field did not continue the publication, and it was not until 1822 that another Directory was published, this time by William H. Creagh, of New York, under the title, The Laity's Directory to the Church Service. *This volume, like its predecessor, offers nothing on Vermont. A decade now elapsed before a third volume was issued,* The United States Catholic Almanac or Laity's Directory for the Year 1833, *in Baltimore, by James Myres. From thence to the present time a Directory has been issued annually with the exception of the years 1862 and 1863 when publication was suspended because of conditions arising from the Civil War.*

Beginning with the volume for 1833 information concerning the Church in Vermont appears annually under the caption of the Diocese of Boston, in which jurisdiction Vermont remained until the establishment of the Diocese of Burlington in 1853. In this article we have included the statistics for 1854, as found in the Directory for 1855, in order to set forth the significant changes effected with the coming of Vermont's first resident Catholic Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Louis De Goesbriand.

No attempt is here made to edit the text of the Directories, or to supplement the information contained therein. From the earliest issues

to the present the editors have found their greatest difficulty to be that of obtaining accurate and comprehensive information for the successive yearly numbers. In the earlier years this was particularly true. The extent of territory and multitude of duties confided to the zeal of the few available priests left to these pioneer shepherds little time and perhaps less inclination to compose lengthy reports on their ministry. Hence, the Directories at times fail to give adequate accounts of Catholic activity in particular localities. Yet, with all their weaknesses, these volumes constitute an indispensable primary source for the study of the history of the Catholic Church in the United States.

The narrative portion of the text from the volumes for 1839, 1840, and 1841 appears to be from the pen of Father Jeremiah O'Callaghan, a master of the deliberate and incisive style of the day.

It must be kept in mind that the information contained in each volume is of the year preceding the date appearing in the title.

T. F. O.

United States Catholic Almanac; or Laity's Directory for . . . 1833. Baltimore, James Myres. [p. 54.]

Burlington, St. Mary's Church. Rev. J. O'Calaghan. Divine service is performed in summer at 10, A.M. and at 3, P.M; in winter at 10, A.M. and at 2, P.M. Sermon both forenoon and afternoon.

The Catholic Calendar and Laity's Directory, for . . . 1834. Baltimore, Fielding Lucas, Jun. [p. 78.]

Saint Mary's, Burlington, is served by the Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan. Mass daily.

The Catholic Congregation, in Pittsford, is served by the Rev. Simon Walsh. Mass daily.

The United States Catholic Almanac; or Laity's Directory, for . . . 1835. Baltimore, James Myres. [p. 58.]

Burlington, St. Mary's, Rev. Jer. O'Callaghan.
" " Rev. Mr. Petithomme.

USCA, 1836 [p. 71]

Burlington, St. Mary's, Rev. A. Petithomme.
Pitsford, Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan.

USCA, 1837 [p. 107]

Burlington, St. Mary's, Vacant.
Pittsford, Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan.

The Metropolitan Catholic Almanac, and Laity's Directory, for . . . 1838. Baltimore, Fielding Lucas, Jr. [p. 90.]

Burlington — St. Mary's — Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan. This mission embraces Montpelier, Vergennes, St. Alban's and Swanton.

Castleton — Rev. John B. Daly.

This mission embraces Pittsford, Middlebury, Poultney, Wallingford and Bellows-Falls.

MCA, 1839 [p. 116]

Burlington — *St. Mary's Church*, alas! is now no more! This beautiful edifice, erected by the contributions of the faithful, only a few years ago, was set on fire during the night of the 11th of May, 1838, by a band of fanatics in hatred of the Catholic religion, and reduced to ashes! The Catholics of this district, 1000 in number, have now no place of worship in which they can assemble to pray, even, for their persecutors! How long in a country, *called free*, is this state of things to continue?

The citizens of the town of Burlington called a public meeting and appointed a committee to inquire into this unwarrantable act, and to report. They did inquire, and in their inquiring found out more than they thought it prudent to report. The fact is they will never report. O land of freedom! shall we say that the respectable inhabitants connived at this horrid outrage, and that it is consequently a stain upon the entire city and country?

The Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan, for the present, officiates in a poor humble private house. He has to visit a large district of country — in a portion of which the Catholics are both numerous and respectable.

Castleton. — A neat property has been here purchased for the celebration of the divine mysteries. The Rev. John B. Daly attends the Catholics in this vicinity, as well as those at Pittsford, Middlebury, Poultney, Wallingford, Bellows-Falls, and Claremont, N.H.

MCA, 1840 [p. 89]

Burlington, St. Mary's, a beautiful edifice was reduced to ashes on the night of the 11th of May, 1838, having been set on fire in hatred of the Catholic religion. The Catholics in this district, about 1000 in number, have now no place of worship. They are attended by Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan, who for the present officiates in a very poor humble private house.

Castleton. A neat property has been here purchased for the celebration of the divine mysteries. The Rev. John B. Daly attends the Catholics in this vicinity, as well as those at Pittsford, Poultney, Wallingford, Bellows-Falls and Claremont, N.H.

Middlebury, Church not ded. — Rev. John B. Daly.

MCA, 1841 [p. 115]

Burlington. St. Mary's Church, alas! is now no more. This once beautiful edifice, erected by the contributions of the faithful only a few years ago, was set on fire during the night of the 11th of May, 1838, by a band of fanatics, in hatred of the Catholic religion and reduced to ashes!

The Catholics of this District, fifteen hundred in number, have no place of worship in which they can assemble to pray, even for their persecutors! How long in a country, *called free*, is this state of things to continue?

The citizens of the town of Burlington immediately after the event called a public meeting to inquire into this Vandal act, and to report. They did inquire, and in their inquiring found out more than they thought it prudent to report. They will never report on the subject. O land of freedom! Shall we say that the respectable inhabitants of Burlington connived at this horrid outrage, and that it is, consequently, a stain upon both city and country?

The Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan officiates, for the present, wherever he can. A new lot of land has been purchased in a more central situation, on which it is intended to erect a stone Church, as soon as the necessary funds can be raised.

Vergennes }
Montpelier } Served from Burlington.

Middlebury, (Church not dedicated) — Rev. John B. Daly.

Castleton, (Church not dedicated)
Pittsford,
Bennington,
Manchester,
} Served by the same.
St. Alban's, — Rev. Richard Waters.
Swanton,
Berkshire,
Shelden,
} Served by the same.

MCA, 1842 [p. 85]

Burlington, (a new Church has just been completed,) — Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan.
Vergennes,
Montpelier,
} Served from Burlington.
Middlebury, (Church not dedicated) — Rev. John B. Daly.
Castleton, (Church not dedicated,)
Pittsford,
Bennington,
Manchester,
} Served by the same.
St. Alban's.
Swanton.
Berkshire.
Shelden.

Corrections.

["received by the Editor, after the Almanac had been put to press"]

The following stations are attended from Burlington, Vermont: *Vergennes*, *Montpelier*, *St. Alban's* and *Swanton*. The following are attended from Claremont, N.H.: *Castleton*, *Charlestown*, *Lebanon*, *Hanover*, *Cornish*, *Bellows Falls*, *Windsor*, *Woodstock*, *Bernard*, *Pittsford*, *Rutland*, *Plymouth*, *Poultney*, *Fairhaven*, *Manchester*, *Dorset*, *Bennington*, *North Adams*, *Greenfield* and *Keene*.

[Father Daly had been for some time attending the Catholics in the adjacent portions of New Hampshire and Massachusetts. At this time he apparently took up temporary residence at Claremont.]

[New churches] in the course of erection at . . . *Burlington*, Vt. for the Canadian French; and at *Montpelier* and *St. Alban's* in the same state. The rapid increase of Catholics in all the above places renders these churches indispensably necessary.

MCA, 1843 [pp. 120–1]

[Identical as of 1842.]

No returns having been received from the Diocesses of Boston, and Mobile, the statistics of these districts for 1842 have been republished . . .

MCA, 1844 [p. 88]

Burlington, St. Peter's — Rev. Jer. O'Callaghan.
Montpelier, served from Burlington.
Middlebury, church not dedicated.
Castleton,
Pittsford,
Bennington,
} Rev. John B. Daly.

MCA, 1845 [p. 146]

[Identical as of 1844.]

The Catholic Almanac for 1846. Baltimore, F. Lucas, Jr. [p. 186]

[Identical as of 1844.]

CA, 1847 [p. 174]

Burlington, St. Peter's,
Montpelier,
} Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan.
Middleburg,
Castleton,
St. Alban's,
Pittsford,
Bennington, and other stations.
} Rev. John B. Daly.

CA, 1848 [p. 234]

Burlington, St. Peter's,
Montpelier, "
} Rev. J. O'Callaghan.
St. Alban's, Immaculate Conception — Rev. G. A. Hamilton.
Fairfield, church not finished — do.
Swanton, church not yet dedicated — do.
who also attends several neighboring missions.
Middleburg,
Castleton, St. Mary's,
Pittsford,
Bennington, and other stations
} Rev. J. B. Daly.

CA, 1849 [p. 243]

Burlington, St. Peter's, } Rev. J. O'Callaghan.
Montpelier, " }

St. Alban's, Immaculate Conception, } Rev. G. A. Hamilton and Rev. H. Lennon, who also attend several neighboring missions.
Fairfield, church not finished,
Swanton, church not yet dedicated,

Middleburg, } Rev. J. B. Daly.
Castleton, St. Mary's
Pittsford,
Bennington, and other stations.

MCA, 1850 [p. 100]

Burlington, St. Peter's } Rev. J. O'Callaghan.
Montpelier, " }
and other stations

St. Alban's, Immaculate Conception, } Rev. G. A. Hamilton.
Fairfield, new church not yet dedicated,
Swanton, " "

Middlebury, } Rev. J. B. Daly.
Castleton, St. Mary's,
Pittsford,
Bennington, and other stations,

MCA, 1851 [pp. 165–6]

Burlington, St. Peter's — Rev. J. O'Callaghan.

Montpelier, " } Rev. H. Drolet.
and other stations,

St. Alban's, Immaculate Conception, } Rev. Edward McGowan.
Fairfield, new church, not yet dedicated,
Swanton, " "

Middlebury, } Rev. J. B. Daly.
Castleton, St. Mary's,
Pittsford,
Bennington, and other stations,

MCA, 1852 [p. 203]

Burlington, { St. Peter's — Rev. J. O'Callaghan.
St. Joseph's (new) — Rev. J. Quevillon.

Montpelier, new church, not dedicated, and various stations, } Rev. H. Drolet.

St. Alban's, Immaculate Conception,
Fairfield, new church, not yet dedicated,
Swanton, " "
Highgate, " "
} Rev. Edward McGowan.

Middlebury,
Castleton, St. Mary's,
Bennington, *Rutland*,
Pittsford, and other stations.
} Rev. J. B. Daly, O.S.F.

MCA, 1853 [p. 162]

Burlington, { St. Peter's — Rev. J. OCallaghan.
St. Joseph's (new) — Rev. J. Quevillon.

Montpelier, new church, not dedicated, and various stations. } Rev. H. Drolet.

St. Alban's, Immaculate Conception,
Fairfield, new church, not yet dedicated,
Swanton,
Highgate,
} Rev. Edward McGowan.

Middlebury,
Castleton, St. Mary's,
Bennington, *Rutland*,
Pittsford, and other stations,
} Rev. J. B. Daly, O.S.F.

MCA, 1854 [pp. 198–9]

Diocess of Burlington*

The Diocess of Burlington comprises the State of Vermont. Right Rev. Lewis de Goesbriand, its first Bishop, was consecrated on the 30th of October, and took solemn possession of his see on the 6th of November, 1853.

Burlington, { St. Mary's — Right Rev. Lewis de Goesbriand, D.D., Rev. J. O'Callaghan.
St. Joseph's — Rev. J. Quevillon.

Montpelier, new church, and various stations — Rev. H. Drolet.

* This report was furnished with that of Boston. [p. 199]

St. Alban's, Immaculate Conception,
Fairfield, new church, not yet dedicated; } Rev. Edward McGowan.
Swanton, " "
Highgate, " "

Middlebury,
Castleton, St. Mary's,
Bennington, *Rutland*, *Pittsford*, *Bellows Falls*, and many other stations. } Rev. J. B. Daly, O.S.F.

RECAPITULATION

Churches	8
Clergymen	6

MCA, 1855 [p. 126–7]

DIOCESS OF BURLINGTON*

This diocess embraces the State of Vermont, and is governed by the Right Rev. L. de Goesbriand, D.D.

Burlington,
- St. Mary's Cathedral — Right Rev. L. de Goesbriand, D.D., Rev. Thomas Riordan.
- St. Joseph's, (Canadian,) — Rev. Augustin Gaudet, Rev. Eugene Cauvin, of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

Bennington, Church of St. Francis of Sales,
Bellows Falls, Church not dedicated,
Castleton, Church not dedicated, } Attended once in the month on Sunday, from Rutland.

Swanton, *Highgate*, } Rev. J. Lionnet.

East Rutland, no church — Rev. Zeph. Druon, who also visits *Brattleboro*, *West Rutland*, *Doyet* and *Hydeville*.

Brandon, *Middlebury*, *Union Village*, } Attended once in the month from Burlington, by the clergy of the Cathedral.

St. Albans, *Fairfield*, } Rev. Edw. McGowan.

Montpelier, church not yet dedicated.

Northfield, no church.

Vergennes, St. Peter's — attended once in the month on Sunday, by the Oblate Fathers from Burlington.

* This report was furnished by the Rt. Rev. Bishop. [p. 126]

St. Johnsburg, *Lyndon,* *Danville,* *Barnet,*	Attended from Stanstead, (Canada).

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE

Burlington, Vt.

There are in this institution seven professed sisters. They have a day-school of 160 scholars, and intend to keep a boarding school. They have besides under their charge an Orphan Asylum numbering thirty children, and they visit the sick in their houses.

RECAPITULATION

Churches	11
Clergymen	7
School	1
Catholic population	25,000

NECROLOGY

CHARLES E. TUTTLE

VERMONT BOOKSELLER

To those who purchase, study or deal in books of an historical nature, be they rare, common, old or new, the sudden death of Charles E. Tuttle at his home in Rutland on March 30th came as a shock. Such men and women who number many thousands knew well that at his departure from his home, his large library, his business, and his friends in many states, there passed from earth a unique and learned man in the book world. Born in Rutland in 1876, he was a life-long resident of that city except for a short business experience in Chicago when a young man. He early became interested in books dealing with Vermont history, an interest that came to include a large field which was his vocation and avocation. At his death his collection had grown to nearly two hundred thousand books, pamphlets, and manuscripts

covering all fields, many of which were very rare. His clients included outstanding educational institutions in this country and England and he contributed substantially to their collections. Mr. Tuttle's knowledge of the value of New England books and pamphlets was almost uncanny. He knew Vermont history and all books pertaining to it far better than most men and women and many a person in doubt wrote to him for his good advice which was gladly and freely given.

Like his father and grandfather, he was a member of the Baptist church. He was a member of the Knights of Pythias and belonged to the several orders of Masonry. He also belonged to the New Hampshire Historical Society, the Booksellers' Association of America, and was an honorary member of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association of England. Long ago he became a life member of the Vermont Historical Society, in which organization his interest was real and loyal to the last day of his busy career.

Once while talking about him with a rather aged attorney, then resident there, he said: "Charlie Tuttle has more loyal friends in Rutland than any other man I ever knew." It was because Mr. Tuttle was genial and kindly to every man, woman, and child whom he met. Mr. Tuttle's large house on South Main Street in Rutland was his home and bookshop. To it came and from it went hundreds of thousands of volumes. To that place journeyed librarians of colleges, universities, large city libraries, historical associations, and many a collector in the old book world. For over thirty years it was my privilege to visit that genial home to purchase items for the Vermont Historical Society and there to spend a week end with Charles and his good wife Helen, who passed away not long ago. She left a son, Charles, Jr., who became his father's working partner, is now a Second Lieutenant in the United States Army and is his father's only heir.

During a man's busy life he comes to have many friends, some of whom are intimate. Even though I saw Charlie Tuttle rather rarely, our correspondence concerning books and other business matters was quite constant and looking back across the many years, I recall no firmer friend or a man more loyal to our good interests than he.

DORMAN B. E. KENT

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT

The hold of rigid Calvinism, attributed to the seventeenth century settlers of Massachusetts Bay, was maintained in New England into the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as well. A continuous process of secularization of thought was going on during this period, which resulted in breaking down the iron grip of the Congregational Church upon all realms of man's activities. But the pervasive influence of the Puritans was manifest in the continued existence of Old Testament bigots like Deacon Amesbury, as well as in the extensive preoccupation, throughout the region, with religious matters.

We thought of editing down Richard Lee's narrative to about half its present length, but it seemed that only by publishing it as a whole could we give a clear idea of the nature of religious preoccupation among certain elements of the population. Until we understand this widespread phenomenon and relate it to other various manifestations of religious and cultural life, we shall not have a complete picture of nineteenth century civilization.

It is frequently possible to portray a historical situation more clearly through fiction than through factual exposition. But it requires a pen of unusual skill and a mind of more than usual understanding to accomplish it successfully. Professor Robert Davis, of Middlebury, has more than once displayed this ability to absorb from observation and study the essential facts, and then to dramatize the prosaic through fiction.

There was, of course, nothing prosaic about Deacon Amesbury. But some of the other characters who emerge from the *Middlebury Sketches* will not be so formidable or so startling — just average Vermonters, who tell us through their lives, something of the character of living in a by-gone age. We have too much viewed the past through rose colored glasses, and too little studied it with care. There is inspiration to be had, but also lesson. If all the men who pass across the pages of this magazine are not the paragons of achievement, virtue, integrity and sound, straight thinking that appear in the graduation orations, it is because we, like Professor Davis, are after the balanced picture.

With Professor Davis's permission, we are quoting from his letter to us, with the thought that it explains much better than we could the relation of his fiction to historical fact:

> "What I was trying to do, without quite realizing it, was to dramatize the traits that undergird the character of our forebears. That is to say, the traditional characteristics of the Northern Vermonter.
>
> "The undersigned is sensitive to the value of Vermont character and the leaven it has added to the nation. Both my parents, my four grandparents,

and my eight great-grandparents were born within 27 miles of the spot where I now sit. But the very depth of their conviction entailed a certain narrowness. They stuck to their guns, horribly.

"On re-reading *Act of God* yesterday, I was struck by the inevitableness of the conclusion. Being what he was, Deacon Amesbury could not do otherwise . . . There is grim majesty in the sequence of events. A man of relentless mind believed himself obedient to Jehovah.

"I have talked with three ladies who have greeted more than seventy summers, each of whom knew Flora, and vouches for the facts. Their ears heard the screams from the barn when the Deacon horsewhipped her.

"My secretary is copying *Act of God* and will forward it Thursday. It may be unsuitable for your use but I honestly believe it discloses the rock-ribbed faith of our fathers, though in a singularly unhuman light. Excuse this note, but it would have itched my mind until I got it on paper for you.

ROBERT DAVIS."

The sketch was eminently suitable for our use, as are the other sketches, which will follow. We are thoroughly in accord with Professor Davis's utilization of fiction to dramatize fact. Indeed, it seems to us that historians have neglected a fertile field in historical fiction. The *New York Times* American history survey has underlined the lamentable lack of knowledge of American history among those who have actually studied it. Skillful popularization is one answer, and historical fiction as well as visual techniques are significant ways to do it.

In addition to a second of the *Middlebury Sketches*, and the conclusion of Richard Lee's *Narrative*, we hope to have for the September issue a highly competent study of Vermont art and artists, by Margaret T. Smalley. It may, indeed, be possible to include a pictorial supplement to illustrate her essay. *Notes and Documents* will include some important material relating to Governor Isaac Tichenor, just made available, as well as a check-list of Vermont maps.

The Director has been asked by the Conference of Historical Societies, of which he is Vice President, to call a regional meeting of historical society executives and New England historians. Letters have gone out to the members to ascertain a convenient date. This year, of course, as a result of travel difficulties, it will be impossible to hold any national conference.

The subject of the meeting will revolve around the relation of the educational efforts of the historical societies to the work of schools and colleges, and particularly problems arising out of situations made evident in the *Times* survey.

It is possible that if the discussions can be arranged, they will have sufficient interest to warrant publication in the September issue. In that case we may alter somewhat the above listed line-up of contents.

EARLE WILLIAMS NEWTON.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SOCIETY

Studies and Essays in Vermont History

Andrews, Edward D. *The County Grammar Schools and Academies of Vermont.* 1936. 96 pp., wrappers. ($1.50) OP

Carroll, Daniel B. *The Unicameral Legislature of Vermont.* 1932. 85 pp., wrappers. $1.50

Chittenden, Lucius. *The Capture of Ticonderoga.* Documents, text, and notes. 1872. 172 pp., cloth. $1.50

Coolidge, Guy O. *The French Occupation of the Champlain Valley.* 1938. 172 pp., maps and plates. Biographical index, publ. separately included. ($1.50) OP

Dean, Leon W. *Admission of Vermont to the Union.* 1941. 62 pp., cloth. $1.50

Glover, Waldo. *Abraham Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel.* 1936. 114 pp., cloth. ($1.50) OP

Moulton, Sherman B. *The Boorn Mystery.* 1937. 104 pp., cloth. $1.50

Stillwell, L. D. *Migration from Vermont.* 1937. 185 pp., wrappers. $1.50

Vermont Town Histories

Batcheller, Birney C. *People of Wallingford.* 1937. 328 pp., cloth. $3.00

Cudworth, Addison E. *History of Londonderry.* 1936. 228 pp., cloth. $3.00

Newton, Ephraim H. *History of Marlborough.* 1930. 330 pp., cloth. $3.50

Newton, John M. *History of Barnard, Vt.* 1928. 2 volumes, 879 pp., cloth. $6.00

Vail, Henry H. *History of Pomfret.* 1930. 2 volumes, 687 pp., cloth. Profusely illustrated, folding maps. $5.00

Women's Club of Norwich. *Know Your Town: the 1940 Survey of Norwich, Vermont.* 103 pp., maps, plates, wrappers. $1.50

Reference Works

Clark, Byron N. *List of Pensioners of War of 1812.* 1904. $1.50

Coates, Walter John. *Bibliography of Vermont Poetry.* 1942. Vol. 1, A-K, 242 pp., buckram. $2.00

Cooley, Elizabeth F. *Vermont Imprints Before 1800, an Introductory Essay on the History of Printing in Vermont, with a List of Imprints, 1779–1799.* 1937. 133 pp., buckram. $1.50

Heads of Families, Second Census of the United States: 1800. The State of Vermont. 1938. 233 pp., folio, cloth. $3.00

Index to the Vermonter, 1914–1939. 1941, 108 pp., wrappers. $0.75

A discount of one-third is allowed members on above prices